

to: Sarah 1

clit rocket

ISSUE TWO



4.00€

contact me : clitrocket@hotmail.com

"Cunt" is the crusty, disgusting bottle in the city dump pile that is beliewelled underneath and has a beautiful genie inside.





MAGDALENA

MICHELLE TEAR

Magdalena Squalor walked into my house and made me want to paint my eyes. Hers were black as oil beneath the hood, swooping up like wind. I looked at her and knew I must change my clothes because Magdalena Squalor knew true glamour. A thick beauty that is hurt and needing, a syrup too sweet and heavy to drink without liquor.

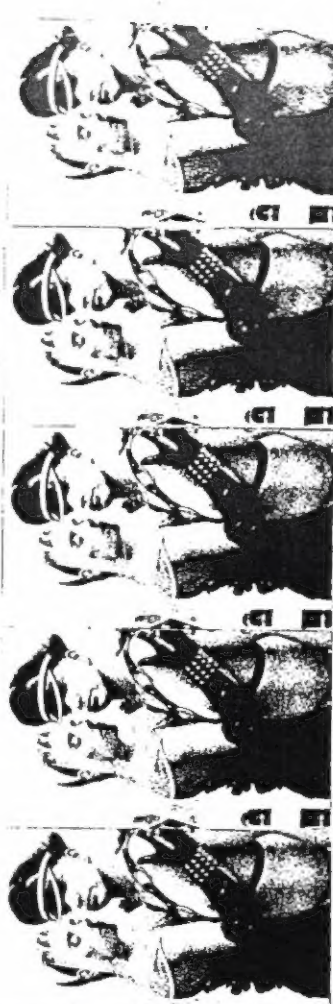
I dressed in my closet, we were going to a party. I spread cards on the floor to tell Magdalena her future. Magdalena looked hard at the cards but they didn't tell her what she was looking for. Magdalena needed paper pictures of green things growing, of big-bellied women, because she was trying to have a baby. For real, a secret. I'll tell you my secret, she said, but if you don't like it you have to shut up because I

don't want to hear it. She was tracking her belly's dark content so that she knew when to do it. She planned to seduce the man who gave her tattoos, breathe on his neck as he leaned between her legs, his gun at her breasts. A prayer like black ribbon across her skin. The man was a gangster, had pointed true guns at shopkeepers and left with bags of cash. He had a little boy so you knew his parts worked ok. But there was nothing like a baby in Magdalena's cards. We walked to the store and bought the worst drinks we could find, malibu liquor flavored with synthetic pineapple and cherry. I wanted to be there when Magdalena's baby came, hold it wet and confused, beating against my chest like a bird. Magdalena told me about all the girls who hated her, all her enemies, the catty girls who hissed in each other's ears. When Magdalena trailed her scent past them, Junked-up girls who would beat her up because someone told

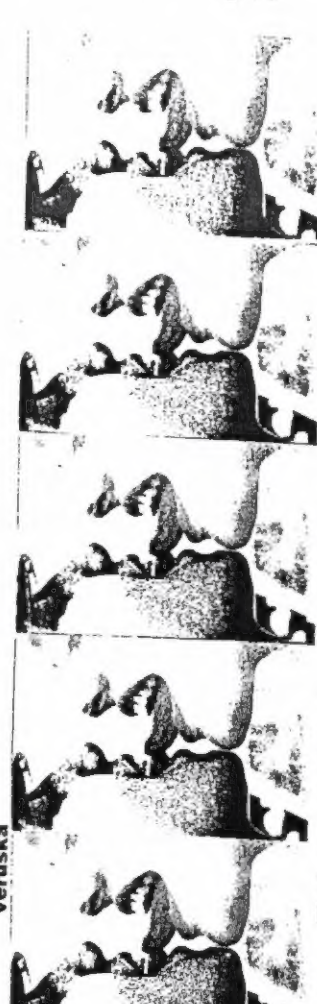


...she had no speech of her own. All she could do was read male text which weren't hers

Kathy Acker, Don Quixote



this issue it's about put me in discussion, to prove myself, acceptance, cherry juice, july who tastes of stale beers n' far away places, books, shows, dreams, world pride, delusion & devotion.. love and not to have the force to express it, satisfaction, cigarettes smoked in a scenery way, sadness, breaks up, boots and lots of fast punk rock... glitter stars & faggot art veruska



Thank you: Angelo, Flavio, JJ and Rachele Stardust cuz without you issue two wouldn't be possible! And all the artists enclosed, for inspire me in all this...



BITCHBITCHBITCHBITCH BITCHBITCHBITCH*

Lynn Breedlove,

Lesbian Bitches

ing down crying clutching
no dollar bills, so moved by
rarn pictures of the moon

rawling into bed this morning
with the magic word cramps
automatic comfort in our world—

we were holding hands when
a kid yelled lesbian bitches from the
school bus which is so high up

was proud of her, she yelled
"she's taking you that?"
she grabbed her tits for them

not a bus can be a getaway
I might they
will never learn

that a woman is an ocean
full of tides & tired lives
normous, a daily murders

—Cynthia Nelson



J.D.S.



RECRUITING

and the next thing I heard was that Lucy was travelling all over the U.S.A. filming the punk dyke scene. And by the time Fifth Column arrived in San Francisco during one of the tours, she was there with her camera, ready to film the show.

From the

"I'm a fag so what,

Breeder!"

school of juvenile

delinquent homos comes

J.D.s

If this is your attitude

then this

is the fanzine for you

J.D.s is one of

THE TRASH

COMPACTOR faves.

Put together by

Bruce LaBruce with

G. B. Jones

who contributed in our

Sick Fuck

issue.

TRASH COMPACTOR

CANADA M5T 1R5

You were the editor of "the legendary zine 'J.D.s' with Bruce LaBruce; when did you start it, and how did the idea to write a zine originate?"

Why the name "J.D.s"?

G.B.J.: "J.D.s" stood for a bunch of different things, not the least of which was juvenile Delinquents. We were mostly "bad" kids, and all of us were really poor, so we did "bad" things, like hustling or shoplifting to get by--so we had nothing to lose. Because I was already in a punk band, Fifth Column, I was already out side of the Gay mainstream culture, which was fine with me since I thought it was terrible a world of politically and culturally bankrupt, badly dressed people dancing to heterosexual music in sexually segregated bars. And I was out side of the punk scene of that time because I was queer. But I had friends who were also queer and in punk bands, and I'd seen letters from other queers in various zines, and of course there were always rumours about how 'so-and-so' in 'such-and-such' band was queer; like, we heard that said of Joan Jett, way before she decided to tell the press about it. So, I started to imagine what it would be like if queer kids had bands and zines and played queer songs and, instead of trying to fit into mainstream heterosexual society, created their own. Once I'd thought of it, I figured I might just as well go right ahead do a zine about it. And that was in 1985; Fifth Column had just put out the queer song "The Fairview Mall Story" and we had gotten Bruce to do a 'gay' voice for the song, so I knew he'd be up for anything, and he was; we put the first issue of "J.D.s" out that year.

I hear so many times how "J.D.s" inspired boys and girls to start their own queer publications--so, I would like to know if someone inspired you to write "J.D.s"?

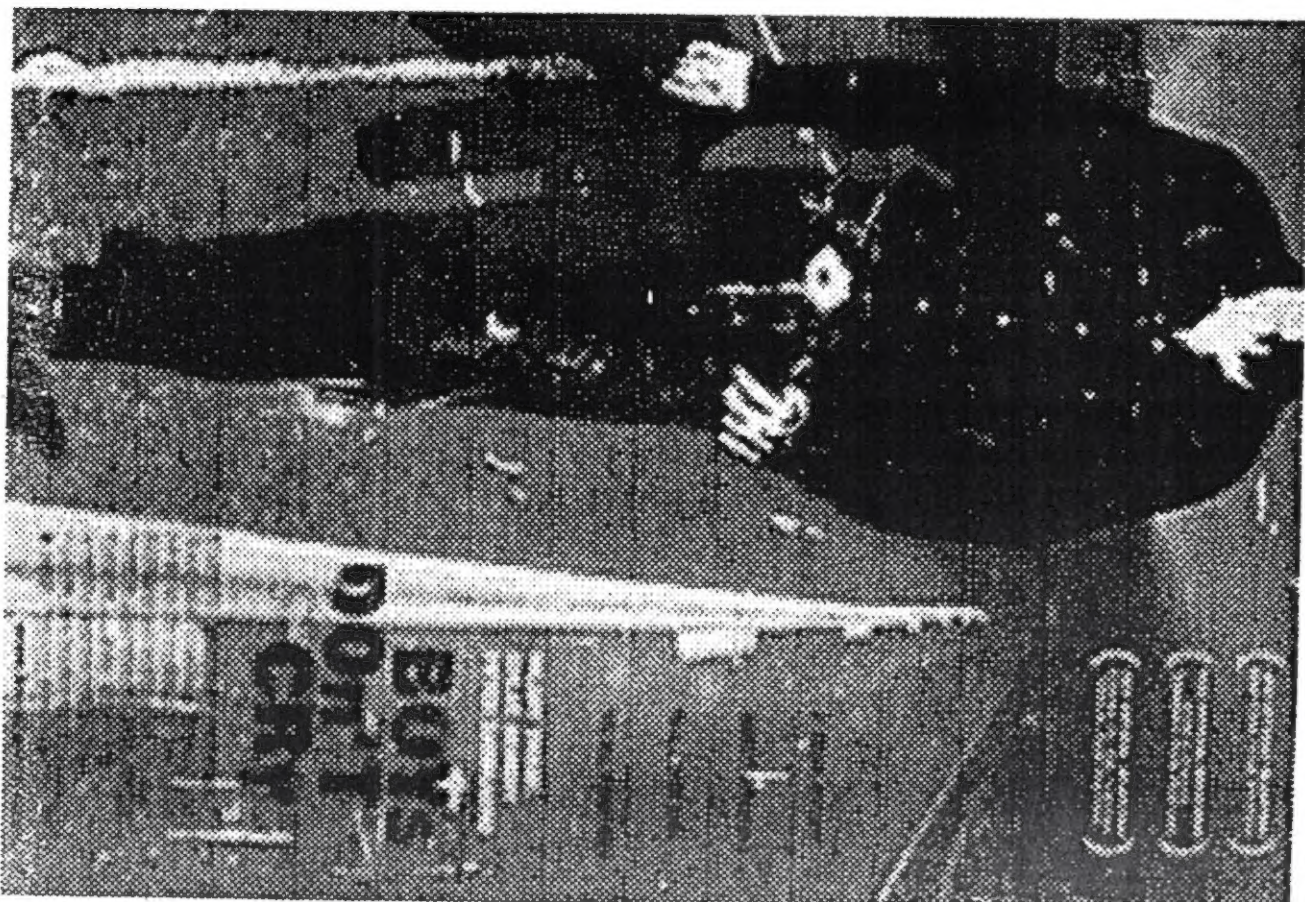
G.B.J.: Bobby Seale and his book, "Seize the Time"; Angela Davis' work for African-American political prisoners and The Black Panther Party; early feminist writings and Gay Liberation publications like The Lavender Panthers; and I Love 1950's Gay porn, like "Physique Pictorial" and Tom Of Finland. When Gays were still considered part of the criminal subculture, and gay publications were illegal, they risked everything to create a gay subculture; and it's from that milieu that the term "punk" originated, and with "J.D.s" we decided to put the 'punk' back in "Punk".

Do you have a distribution and label and how long have you been doing it?

How do you select the stuff?

G.B.J.: I have been putting out a little newsletter, called "Bitch Nation"

newsletter for about 4 years now.



BOYS
DON'T
CRY

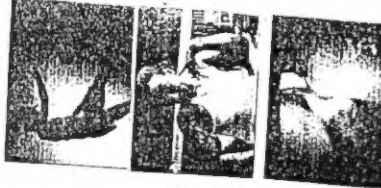
condolo. Io scopavo perché mi piaceva, Joan, e anche quelli brutti, quelli che mi hanno picchiato o mi hanno scoperto facendomi male, non mi hanno mandato via dalla città, non l'hanno potuto fare neanche le donne che non percorrono la mia strada di solitudine e di bisogno. Non rinfacciarmi il cazzo, ma aiutami a cambiare il mondo così che nessuna donna provi vergogna o paura perché le piace scopare».

At last, the films you've really been waiting for.
Specially shot in the beauty capitals of the World,
Each film is an exciting, revealing, adventure!

SHE'S REAL. WORSE THAN QUEER



LUCY THANE



"There are more 'real' people, in my opinion, in this video than a lot of the rest of punk scenes."

Kevin Booze
It's true. And they're living in a world that's realer than real. That's why the video scenes are always interesting, original, and often hilarious. It's a real world where, one with a killer guitar solo, a guitar-guitarist, guerrilla movie girls and zine babes. Next time, the land was turned into reality: the zines got done, the movies got made and the guitarists were up on stage. It was a real world where everyone was there, and everyone was making movies; so that on-screen participation of the collaborate in the creation and presentation of the scene, and equipment and know-how gets traded, exchanged and swapped so that everyone can get in on the action!

"I have actually talked to several people in this video and they weren't like 'I'm gonna be condescending because I'm a star' and stuff."

Kevin Booze
Instead of one 'star' created, i.e. the director, the whole scene gets to be the 'star' in a world that's realer than real.

"Watching this film may make a person wonder if a 'He's Real' or, better yet, a 'We're Real' video documentary is possible, or will be."

Kevin Booze
It's all about how you do things, not who you are. It's your choice: how do you want to do things? Do you want the most exposure to the largest 'target audience' to make the most impact? If you do, prepare to be at the mercy of mainstream media, bowing to their preposterous antiquated notions of 'image' and 'personality'. You'll be working within the dictums of a bad system, and the only way to survive is by profit and you'll be kissing the who's interests are the most important. That's the 'real' world. There's no club circuit queens. But, do you want to see what's possible, what a real world looks like? Watch "She's Real!"

She's Real includes the work of:
Fifth Column, G.B. Jones, Tribe 8, Sister George, Team Desch, Phranc, Cade Bains Band, Kicking Giant, Chesecake, Vitapup, Alice Stag, Eillia Frye, Sla, Peet, Adena Trucking, Free to fight self defence tour, Muzery, 181, Jill Reller, Selena Wahang, Liz Meyer, Tammy Rose Costand, Milium Basilio, Abby Moore, Phranc's magazine, Matt Wobensmith (Coulpunk records), Joanna Namocore, Homocore Chicago, Riot Girl NYC, Q-No, Tourettes, A.S.F., Queercore militia London, Kathleen Hanna, Deana Monroe, Melissa York, Emily Brubler, Ayana, Sandra, Corrie, Alisha, Sash, Sandra, And White.

Un-Retouched Breath-Taking Beauty.

tapes, CDs, videos and gossip of course, for girls and boys. And the things that are in it are mostly projects that wouldn't easily fit into a category; first of all, lots of the zines and bands are done by queer guys and girls working together - and that breaks the big rule of gay establishment types, which is: 'Keep the sexes segregated'. That's so...dumb. And besides, I'd rather be involved with projects that include all types of people; queer girls and boys and bisexuals and transgendered and transsexual persons. It's more fun to mix a lot of different ingredients together and see what happens.

When did you start to realize music and distribute it?

G.B.J.: We started Fifth Column in the 80's, and first we did a single for a label, but we were really unhappy with the whole experience, so when we did our first LP, "To Sir With Hate", we decided to put it out ourselves, so we started a label.

How did you get started playing music?

GBJ: I took piano lessons when I was a kid which, of course, I hated. And, I was in the church choir for quite a few years. They loved me at church, surprisingly, but I hated. I guess I was an angry child, just waiting to join a punk rock band. How did you meet the other girls in the band?



GBJ: 2 girls, Janet and Kathleen, wanted to start a band and I hooked up with them to play drums, originally. Caroline joined to be the singer and keyboardist. The 2 girls were a couple and at every practice they'd be having lovers quarrels, which got so bad that sometimes there'd even be fights onstage at shows! Eventually they both left and Caroline and I met new girls and guys who wanted to play with us.

Who's in the band?

GBJ: The lineup for the latest recording is:

Caroline Azar: vocals and guitar

Beverly Breckenridge: bass

Luc Menard: drums

Michelle Breslin: guitar

G.B. Jones: guitar

What are you doing now?

GBJ: The next thing that will be released will be the song "Imbecile", which will be on the new Kill Rock Stars compilation, coming out in 2002. Did you ever come to play here?

GBJ: No, we've never made it to Europe. We can't afford the air fare! All we've been able to afford to do is to rent an old van and tour all over Canada and the U.S.A. Who wrote the songs?

GBJ: All the band members write the music together. Like, for example, the bassist might have an idea and play it for everyone, and then we'd all write our parts, changing things as we go along, and then - voila! It's a song! So, we all share the music writing credit. Usually Caroline or myself write the lyrics, or, often, both of us together.

Discography? Names and dates?

GBJ:

1985 "To Sir With Hate" Hide Records (12" vinyl LP)

vittima del sesso, sia un'avventuriera del sesso; il suo coraggio cresceva man mano che aumentavano le voci di condanna e le minacce di violenza contro di lei. Io osservavo tutto e la sua fede nel diritto innegabile di una donna a godere il sesso, di cercarlo attivamente, è diventato una parte di me, ma io ho scelto le donne. Volevo uccidere quegli uomini che la picchiavano e che prendevano il suo salario settimanale. Volevo che lei non avesse bisogno di loro e che venisse nel mio mondo di amicizia e passione lesbica, ma lei ha scelto altrimenti. Stavamo faccia a faccia, come due donne per cui il sesso era importante e dopo alcune scaramucce infantili, lei ha accettato il mio mondo di avventure come io il suo.

La settimana prima di morire, provocava sessualmente il dottore, dicendo che probabilmente «veniva troppo presto» per una donna come a lei. Il medico paonazzo e giovane, si precipitava a tirare le tende intorno al suo letto. A sessantasette anni mia madre desiderava ancora il sesso e scherzava a proposito di cosa avrebbe potuto fare pur essendo fuori gioco. Mia madre non era una dea né una figura matriarcale vagante, indistintamente sulla mia vita, una vita piena di rituali di donna. Era una lavoratrice a cui piaceva scopare, che credeva di avere il diritto di avere un pene dentro di sé se ne aveva voglia, e che cercava profondamente l'amore ma sapeva che era molto più difficile da trovare.

Mentre nel pomeriggio, la litania di Andrea Dworkin si dichiarava contro il pene, vedevo la minuta figura di mia madre, con le sue mani calluse macchiate di inchiostro, mai senza una sigaretta appesa alla bocca, chinata su di me, e vedevo il suo viso con un lieve sorriso: «Allora Joan, questo è il mondo che desideravi per me, che volevi che io avessi, dove avrei provato vergogna e colpa per quello che mi piace. L'ho fatto per tutta la vita. Ho combattuto chi mi ha violentata e chi mi ha picchiata e non ho rinunciato alla consapevolezza di ciò che mi piaceva. Guardavo quelle immagini oscene e vedevo gente che mi pareva sola. A volte ho fatto le cose che mostrano le foto sconce e le mogli non mi parlavano. I loro mariti mi scopavano prima e poi andavano a casa il sabato. Ho commesso molti errori, ma una cosa non ho mai fatto, non ho mai permesso che qualcuno prevaricasse i miei desideri sessuali. Proprio come te, Joan, quando negli anni cinquanta ti ho portato da vari dottori per vedere se eri lesbica e loro dicevano che avevi troppi peli in faccia, che eri dell'altra sponda, ma non hanno fermato neanche te. Ti hanno chiamato frocia e me puttana e probabilmente ci chiameranno sempre così, ma il combattiamo meglio facendo quello per cui dicono che non bisogna provare né desiderio né bisogno, vista la gioia che proviamo fa-

mandati di comparizione. Ho imparato ad essere brava e silenziosa in case altrui. Non abbiamo mai avuto grandi appartamenti, e mia madre aveva molti uomini, quindi il sesso e il suo godimento sessuale per me non avevano segreti. Ho conosciuto l'espressione pompi- no, prima di imparare a lavarmi i denti nel modo giusto. Quello che ho imparato dai suoi scritti era quanto costava cara la sua libertà sessuale.

A tredici anni, mia madre si lasciò cogliere su una spiaggia di Co- ney Island e fece l'amore con un bel ragazzo ebreo che aveva più di venti anni; tre settimane dopo lui la invitò a casa e là fu violentata da tre amici del suo ragazzo. Si trovò incinta e dovette abortire a quattordici anni. Accadeva nel 1924. Suo padre, tedesco, minacciò di ucciderla e dovette lasciare la scuola nel primo anno di liceo per an- dare a lavorare. Quando mia madre parla nei suoi scritti di queste esperienze, parla delle sue passioni sessuali e del suo desiderio del sesso.

Mi ricordo da piccola, l'impazienza di essere giovane. Mi rendevo conto che ero qualcuno, qualcuno da considerare. SENTIVO L'ORDINE SESSUALE DELLA VITA. Lo sen- tivo premere. Volevo essere coinvolta presto e con passione. Mio dio, così giovane eppure così vecchia. Riconoscevo la mia giovinezza solo fisicamente, quando esprimevo il mio corpo ai miei occhi, vedevo il bel seno, il ventre piatto, i fianchi sodi, gli occhi che nascondevano tristezza, avevano bisogno di amore, di un casino di grinta, già sapendo che questa sarebbe stata una vita infernale. Avrei trovato la chiave. Conoscevo la mia fame ma non sapevo come soddi- sfarla.

Continua parlando del suo shock, del suo dolore, della sua ferita e poi della sua rabbia per lo stupro subito, ma subito termina il rac- conto con un credo sessuale, dicendo che non avrebbe lasciato che questo orrore le rubasse il suo diritto alla libertà sessuale, il suo go- dimento "del pene e della vagina", per usare le sue parole.

Le signore per bene non parlavano con mia madre per gran parte della sua vedovanza. Raccoglieva uomini all'ippodromo, negli uffici dell'OTB, dormiva con loro, aveva storie con i suoi capi di lavoro, e in genere viveva una vita piena di sesso. Più volte è stata picchiata dagli uomini che portava a casa. Intorno alla cinquantina, fu picchia- ta fino a perdere i sensi da un commerciante marinaio, quando si ri- fiutò di dargli il suo portafoglio. In breve, mia madre è stata sia una



Candy Darling.

Star of Warhol's "Flesh," "Women in Revolt," and the exploitation classic "Some Of My Best Friends Are...," as well as walk-ons in "Kluge," and "Lady Liberty", Candy was the only Superstar to come to Canada! She is our heroine.

PILLOWBITTER

BITCH

A true Bitch is self-determined, but the term "bitch" is usually applied with less discrimination. It is a popular derogation to put down uppity women that was created by man and adopted by women. Like the term "nigger," "bitch" serves the social function of isolating and discrediting a class of people who do not conform to the socially accepted patterns of behavior.

MESS YOUR HEAD



FUN



- 1990 "All-Time Queen Of The World" Hide Records & Tapes (12" vinyl LP and cassette)
- 1991 "The Fairview Mall Story" on "J.D.s Top Ten Homocore Hit Parade" tape compilaor Hide Records & Tapes (cassette)
- 1992 "Donna/All Women Are Bitches" K Records (7" vinyl 45)
- 1993 "Don't" Outpunk Records (split 7" vinyl single with "God Is My Co-Pilot")
- "Chewing Gum" on "Keep On The Sunny Side: A Tribute To The Carter Family", Amoeba Records (CD)
- 1994 "Yo-Yo" on "The Yo-Yo Gang" Soundtrack, Hide Records & Tapes (cassette)
- 1995 "36-C" K Records (full-length CD and cassette)
- 1996 "Don't" on "Free To Fight" CandyAss Records/Chainsaw Records (2 12" LPs and CD)
- "Detox Killer" on "Rock Stars Kill" compilation, Kill Rock Stars (CD and 12" vinyl LP)
- 1997 "I Love You, But..." Dark Beloved Cloud Records (split 7" single)
- 2002 "Imbecile" Kill Rock Stars compilation, Kill Rock Stars (CD)

Movies

- 1988 "Closer To The Sun" (Jane and Paul Bowles) performed by Fifth Column in "Work" by Paulette Phillips and Geoffrey Shea
- 1991 "She said 'Boom'" by Fifth Column in "My Niagara", directed by Helen Lee
- 1992 "Yo-Yo" performed by Fifth Column in "The Yo-Yo Gang", directed by G.B. Jones

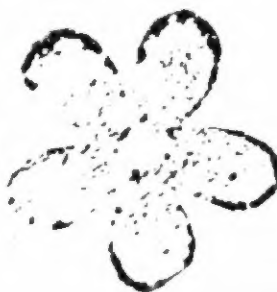
FUN

GAY GALS ROB SPERM BANK

LESBIAN COMMANDOS brandishing giant handguns bullied their way into a sperm bank — and fled with enough male seed to propagate a small ARMY.

The butch bandits boldly burst into the Sydney, Australia, sperm deposi- tory in a daring daylight raid, say police. After bashing a security guard over the head, the avowed non-mothers blam- ed storage freezers with their gun- splattering pools of semen and shat- tering glass.

Then, clutching 97 containers of re- productive fluid to their breasts, the dar- ing dykes sped off shouting: "Death to all men!"



According to investigators, they planned to use the goods for self-in- semination.

But butch Barbara Frank, 37, gave the game away after spilling some of her se- crets to lesbian pals in a local bar — who in turn called the cops.

"You men are good for nothing!" Frank shrieked as she was led away by police. "One day we'll find a way to do away with ALL men and finally women will enjoy life to the full."

Said security guard Joseph Davis, whose throbbing head wound required six stitches to close: "Women like that don't deserve to have children."



What's your point of view of feminism?

And how has feminism changed your life?

GRJ: Two words. Good and bad. Or bad and good. Depending.

and good. Depending. I took a university course last winter I took a university course

at the Women's Studies Dept. and, during last winter I took a university course

one lesson a woman spoke about how, for the Women's Studies Dept. and, during

the feminists of her generation (70's), the feminists of her generation seem unable

to build our identity as feminists and the present day generation had done was

women and how all the work the earlier generation had done was

being lost, and how sad this was. the earlier generation had done was

What do you think about this? being lost, and how sad this was.

A mia madre piaceva scoprire *

Joan Nestle

... & ...

Dedicato a Amber, che parla delle parti migliori di noi stesse.

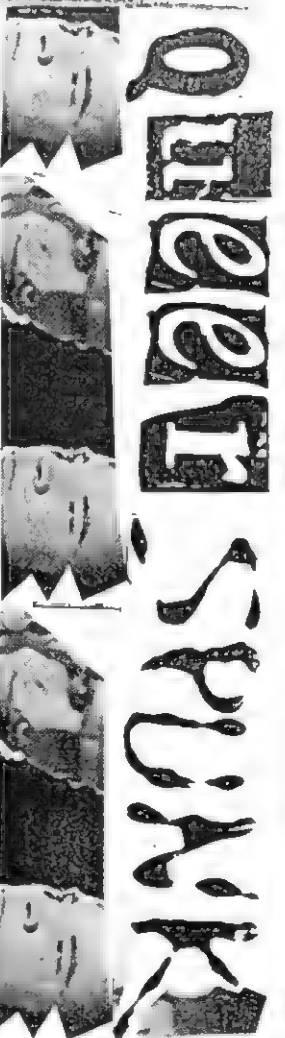
Regina non era una dea matriarcale, né una consigliera spirituale.

Non adorava nessun dio e molto spesso disprezzava l'etichetta di madre. Era una vedova ebrea proletaria, che aveva cominciato a lavorare a quattordici anni come contabile in un reparto di abbigliamento a New York. Mio padre morì prima che io nascessi, quando mia madre aveva ventinove anni e la lasciò con due figli da tirare su. A mia madre piaceva il sesso e mi lasciò capire attraverso gli anni, sia le punizioni, sia le ricompense che aveva tratto dal fatto di aver osato essere esplicita circa il suo piacere di scoprire.

Regina era nei miei pensieri, quel pomeriggio di ottobre in cui stavo seduta in prima fila nell'auditorium 1199 per registrare il dibattito di specialisti, sulla pornografia e l'eros. Quando mia madre morì, non lasciò né soldi, né averi, né proprietà, né polizze di assicurazione. Mi lasciò soltanto un rotolo di scritti, lettere spiegate e poemi scritti sul retro di fogliacci gialli. Ho scritto un pezzo più lungo su me e lei, includendo queste lettere, ma ora voglio solo parlare del coraggio, della sua eredità sessuale e dei segreti sessuali che ho trovato nei suoi scritti, e parlare di come era presente, quel pomeriggio, nella mente di sua figlia, una lesbica che ha amato le donne per più di venti anni.

Come spesso capita, quando c'è solo un genitore, nella classe operaia, ero la persona con cui mia madre si confidava, la sua testimone, quella che era dalla sua parte. Ho dovuto crescere presto per imparare a difendermi dai portatori di cambiali, dagli avvisi di sfratto, dai

* © 1981 Joan Nestle. Tratto da *Desire. The Politics of Sexuality*, a cura di A. Sinitow, C. Stansell, S. Thompson, Virago, London, 1984, Trad. di Ilaria Scarica.



Queer It Spunk

What is the difference between the Canadian and American queer scene?

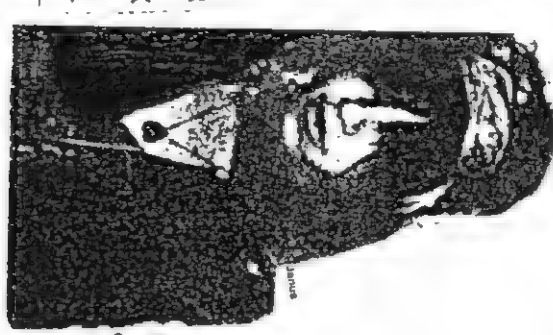
- GBJ: The big difference is that, in Canada, we've had to make it all up ourselves and there was a lot of resistance; I remember taking 'J.D.s' to gay magazine and book stores in Toronto who refused to sell it—it was even banned from a Montreal bookstore! But in the U.S.A. that was never a problem— all the stores we went to welcomed us (except for one women's bookstore in N.Y.C.) and they were happy to sell it, even non-gay stores. Similarly, I think with shows, either bands or film shows, galleries and a lot of other spaces were fine with hosting queer events — at least in cities like Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Olympia. In Canada that didn't happen till much later. And, with my movies, they've shown in film festivals around the world: with the exception of Toronto. That's why we spent so much time in the U.S.A.—it was so much easier to get things done! On the downside, a lot of people in the U.S. jumped on the 'J.D.s' bandwagon and thought if they went out and bought a leather jacket they were a 'queerpunk'; never mind that they still went to the same old stupid segregated gay bar. They just didn't get it.
- Now, there's a whole new generation of kids who grew up with 'J.D.s' and want to do stuff too and that's exciting.

THE 84 PAGES/ DISENLINE
+ punk video on Nov. 16
Kew-Forest Factory 74 Leonard St.
8pm-12 mid \$12

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presentato la loro esposizione di fotografie di immagine lesbica pre 1970, ho chiesto alle donne quante di loro si sarebbero sentite a loro agio ad usare la parola «lesbica» da sola senza aggiungere la parola «femminista». Ero curiosa del potere di questa doppia parola «lesbica-femminista» quando così poche donne hanno una comprensione delle lesbiche degli anni cinquanta. Molte donne non potevano accettare la parola lesbica da sola, e tuttavia è una parola fatta per donne sole. Ho detto che forse la parola «lesbica-femminista» è una relazione «bulla-femminista», (per come è stato giudicata, non, per come era), nella quale il termine «lesbica» portava il peso emotivo attribuito alla «bulla» secondo l'opinione attuale, e il termine «femminista» diventava l'equivalente emotivo dello stereotipo «femminista», l'immagine che può apparire alla luce del giorno. Il lesbismo era la teoria in un contesto storico diverso; sedevamo nei bar e ci raccontavamo le nostre vite; per strada ci tenevamo per mano e parlavamo sulla sfida di sapere quello che non si poteva fare e come andare oltre; eravamo il bersaglio della polizia e diventavamo famiglia le une per le altre. Parecchie di noi erano attive in lotte di cambiamento politico, alimentato dall'energia ricondita della nostra vita lesbica «bulla-femminista», che anche i nostri amici più liberali di sinistra non potevano tollerare. Il femminismo ben articolato aggiungeva un altro livello di analisi e di comprensione, un livello profondo che faceva sentire bene, che creava tali meravigliosi alleati da essere per me la porta di un altro mondo — finché mi sono resa conto che stavo usando la parola «femminista radicale» quando potevo dire «lesbica».

Il mio periodo «bulla-femminista» mi ha dotato di una sensibilità di cui non mi si può espropriare. Per questo mi domando perché ci sia un tale interesse consumistico nella vita «bulla-femminista» delle donne di alta classe, in genere figure letterarie meno protagoniste, quando la vita reale, le donne lavoratrici «bulle e femmine» sono viste come un fatto di imitazione, di arretratezza culturale. Vita Sackville-West, Jane Heap, Missy, Gertrude Stein, e Radclyffe Hall sono tutte figure che brillano di audace autopresentazione e tuttavia la realtà delle donne travestite, in genere un mezzo di sopravvivenza per le lesbiche della classe operaia, non ha suscitato grande interesse accademico nel mondo lesbico femminista. I Progetti di Ricerca di Storia Lesbica di Grassroots stanno cambiando questo. I Progetti di Ricerca Lesbica di S. Francisco e i Progetti di Ricerca della Storia Gay hanno prodotto una mostra di diapositive intitolata «Mascherata Lesbica» che parla di donne travestite a S. Francisco a cavallo tra il diciannovesimo e il ventesimo secolo. Il Progetto di Storia Lesbica Orle di Bufalo (Madeline Davis, Avra Michelson, Liz Kennedy) è focalizzato

tiolata ma come una serie vissuta di opzioni basate sulle loro scelte erotiche.

Noi lesbiche degli anni cinquanta abbiamo commesso un errore all'inizio degli anni sessanta: abbiamo lasciato che le nostre vite fossero trivializzate e fossero reinterpretate dalle femministe che non condividevano la nostra cultura. «Il lesbismo è la pratica, il femminismo è la teoria» era uno slogan che poteva aggregare bene, ma mistificava la nostra storia al femminile. I primi scritti dovevano essere riesaminati per vedere perché così tante di noi si dedicavano alla comprensione dell'omofobia delle femministe «normali» piuttosto che alla comprensione delle vite reali delle lesbiche «che non erano femministe» (una frase che viene troppo facilmente alle labbra). Perché ci aspettavamo e avevamo bisogno che le lesbiche delle generazioni seguenti e provenienti da diversi strati sociali chiamassero la loro lotta con il nostro nome? Ho paura della risposta, perché ho condiviso entrambi i mondi e so come mi hanno fatto sentire le femministe per bene — meno sudicia, meno brutta, meno «bulla-femmina». Ma il dolore e la rabbia che ho provato al sentire che il mio passato è stato giudicato inaccettabile, hanno cominciato a venire a galla. Credo che le lesbiche facciano parte della gente, che vivano come tutti vivono, condizionate dalle forze economiche e sociali della nostra epoca. In quanto gente abbiamo sempre lottato per preservare i nostri metodi, la cultura di donne che amano altre donne. In un certo senso le lesbiche sono sempre andate contro il sistema patriarcale; in passato forse soprattutto quando si presentavano maggiormente come uomini. Questo saggio non è un'analisi approfondita, ma è un tentativo di scuotere i nostri pregiudizi, siccome era un passato calmo (le donne di Sea Colony non scrivevano libri), sarebbe facile non ascoltarlo. Molte donne mi hanno detto, «non sarei mai uscita quando sei uscita tu». Ma io sono una lesbica degli anni cinquanta ed è quello il mondo che mi ha creato.

Siedo stupefatta alle Conferenze di Lesbiche, meravigliandomi dell'ufficialità dei corsi accademici, e so che sarei stata totalmente intimidita dalla rispettabilità di alcuni aspetti del nostro attuale mondo lesbico. Quando Monique ha detto alla conferenza dell'Associazione di Lingua Moderna, tre anni fa, «non sono una donna, sono una lesbica», tra il pubblico c'è stato un violento sussulto. Ma l'affermazione per me aveva senso. Certamente sono una donna, ma appartengo ad un'altra geografia e i due mondi sono complicati e unici.

Più penso alle implicazioni di un mondo «bulla-femmina», e più capisco alcuni miei disagi nei riguardi delle usanze della fine degli anni settanta. Una volta quando gli Archivi di Storia Lesbica hanno

THE GIRL GANG

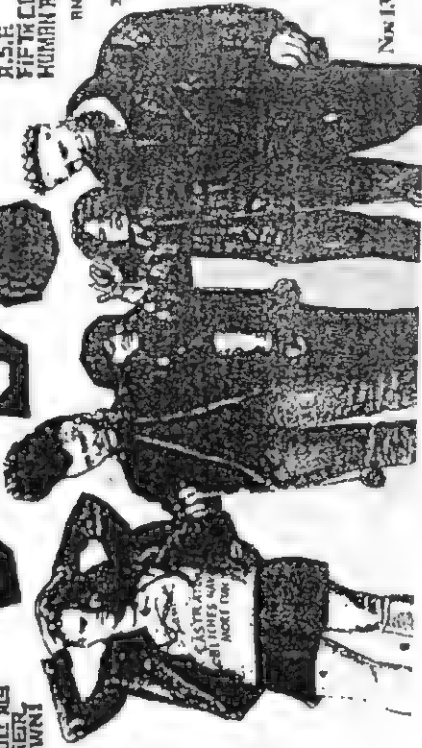
GIRLS IN GANGS
"UNRAVEL
THEIR
OWN"

HERR NEW
HITS BY:
A.S.E
FIFTH COLUMN
HUMAN RIGHTS

AND MORE:

BY G.L. JONES
Girl lights
Tattoos
Queer boy
sex. Belray, il
& infidelity
Dyke sex
Hesitate taking
Domination &
submission
And lots more
as the YoYo
Gang battles
the
Skatboard
bitches!

NEW! 1977 101M



and what about Joan Jett coming out and please tell us how and when she decided to go to the press about it?

GBJ: I don't know. I read about it in a magazine. When we met we didn't talk about it. All I can tell you is that she is breathtakingly beautiful in person.
Do you think Riot Grrrl influenced Queercore and if yes in what way?

GBJ: Well, Queercore happened before Riot Grrrl so I think it's the other way around. But I think a lot of the smart people involved with Queercore were interested in Riot Grrrl too.

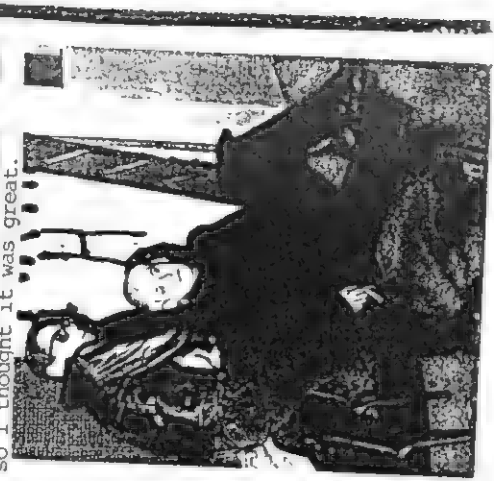
What do you think of Riot Grrrl?

GBJ: A lot of those grrrls were my friends so I thought it was great.



PHOTOS BY G.B. 101M

HA HA





By what women you felt most inspired and why?

G.B.J.: I guess I could say writers or artists or people involved in political work, and that wouldn't be wrong...but sometimes it's the girl I see sitting alone on the bus. She's wearing some different kind of glasses and her hair might be a little messy and she's carrying a book. And I'll just start wondering, "What book is she reading?", and what's she thinking about and where is she headed? Maybe she's going to change the world.



THIS IS NOT CHAOS

Juvenile delinquency has provided a soapbox for politicians and a career for social workers, and has given those anti-social, over-stimulated, undergratified adolescents a glamor and status that was denied earlier and less fortunate generations who were simply treated as "wayward youth". Yet despite the intensity of the public gaze, the boys delinquents, are still, to most people, incomprehensible kids living incredible lives, committing unbelievable crimes. They remain for the most part specimens on a pin: Teen gangs. J.D's.

parte della sua mano dentro di me, non ho mai sentito la voce di un uomo o di ruoli condizionati socialmente. Sentivo il richiamo di una donna che girava il mondo, coraggiosa, la cui mano andava contro tutto quanto normalmente si rinneviava nella vita di una donna.

Per me, l'essenza erotica del rapporto «bulla-femmina» era la differenza esteriore della struttura fisica delle donne e il legame creato dalla sollecitudine a capire. Avevo la mia amante sia per come era, sia per quello che faceva. Il vestito faceva parte di questo — il segna-lerotico rappresentava dai suoi capelli alla base della nuca che toccavano il colletto della camicia, il come teneva in mano una sigaretta; l'anello rosa simbolico che brillava mentre muoveva la mano. So che questo sembra superficiale, ma tutti questi gesti erano uno stile di autoperseguazione che trasformavano negli anni cinquanta la tecnica erotica in un fatto politico. Un rapporto di coppia si poteva formare con la divisione di altrettanti doveri quanti ne esistono oggi e toraggiando lo stile che faceva sentire a suo agio la donna che tivo. A letto diventavano più chiare le implicazioni erotiche di un porto totalizzante. Le mie mani e le mie labbra facevano quello mi faceva sentire bene. Non limitavo le mie reazioni sessuali che ero «femmina». Mi piegavo sulle mie amanti per prenderle in bocca e per celebrare la loro forza, il loro piacere verso di me. Più profondo ancora dell'assumere le posizioni sessuali era l'amore schiacciante che provavo per il loro coraggio, per l'audacia della loro indipendenza erotica.

Come scappatoia per ignorare che cosa avesse significato il rapporto «bulla-femmina», il femminismo è stato spesso considerato come un valido punto di partenza per una cultura lesbica sana. Tuttavia, credo che parecchie lesbiche pre-Stonewall fossero femministe, ma il modo primario in cui questo femminismo, questa autonomia di identità sessuale e sociale era espressa, era precisamente nella forma di un'intraprendenza sessuale che ora appare così oppressiva. Se il rapporto «bulla-femmina» rappresentava un mondo eroticamente autonomo, simboleggiava molte altre forme di indipendenza. La maggior parte delle donne che ho conosciuto a Sea Colony, erano donne lavoratrici, le quali non erano mai state sposate, o avevano lasciato il proprio marito e quindi erano responsabili soltanto della loro sopravvivenza economica. I contatti con le famiglie si erano rotti oppure le famiglie erano più povere delle donne stesse. Queste sapevano che avrebbero lavorato per il resto della loro vita lesbica, per mantenere se stesse e la casa che sceglievano di creare. Erano parrucchiere, assistenti, operatrici telefoniche, ma anche donne «bulla-femmine». Il loro femminismo non si presentava come una teoria ar-

l'esperienza. In quanto «femmina» ho fatto quello che credevo naturale e giusto. Non ho imparato a interpretare una parte: ho perfezionato un modo di amare. Le etichette artificiali ci attendevano mentre noi scoprivamo le nostre sessualità. Noi ci etichettavamo in quanto parte del nostro rituale culturale, e il linguaggio rifletteva la nostra epoca nella storia, mentre le parole stavano a significare gli inter-scambi sessuali ed emotivi. Donne che si erano appena affacciate a questa vita, entravano nei bar e a loro veniva domandato: «sei «bulla» o «femmina»?».

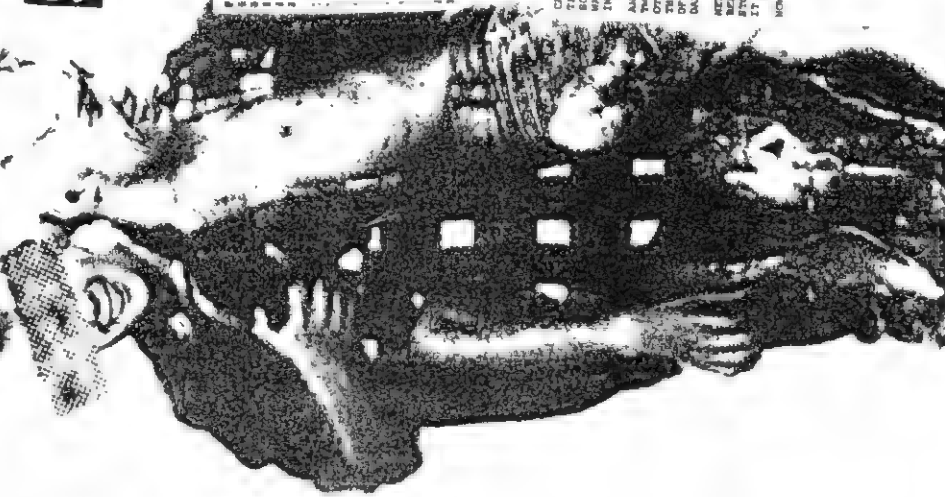
Molte sono scappate piuttosto di rispondere alla domanda. La vera domanda celata era: «hai una vita sessuale?» e quando si passava oltre lo scontro aperto era possibile un'intera gamma di sessualità. «Bulla e femmina» copriva una vasta varietà di risposte erotiche. Scherzavamo sul fatto di essere «femmina bulla» o «bulla femmine» o le due cose insieme. Scherzavamo sulle sorprese che potevamo avere: «porta a casa una bulla» e te la trovi gambe all'aria. Avevamo un codice di linguaggio funzionale a un mondo erotico coraggioso per il quale molte hanno pagato caro. È difficile ricreare negli anni ottanta il significato dell'esibizione e della recitazione lesbica sessuale degli anni cinquanta, ma credo essenziale che le femministe lesbiche capiscano senza vergogna questa parte della loro eredità erotica. Crendo anche che l'erotico per noi, in quanto colonizzate, sia parte della nostra battaglia sociale per sopravvivere e per cambiare il mondo.

Un anno fa, alcune mie amiche mi raccontavano la loro esperienza riguardo al tentativo di spiegare il rapporto «bulla-femmina» in una classe di studi femminili. Entrambe erano lesbiche gay fin dagli anni cinquanta e attive nei primi tentativi di liberazione gay. «Ho cercato di spiegare la natura complessa della sessualità bulla e il suo equilibrio tra forza e delicatezza», diceva Madeline: «L'impegno di piacersi reciprocamente era totalmente diverso da quello tipico dei rapporti eterosessuali, nei quali la donna esiste per il piacere dell'uomo». Mentre parlava, mi rendevo conto che non solo vi era la situazione erotica creata dalle due donne insieme, ma vi era e vi è tuttora una sessualità «bulla» e una «femmina», e non una sessualità di una donna che agisce da uomo e di una donna che agisce da donna; ma una specifica, sviluppata sessualità lesbica, con un ambiente storico e una funzione culturale. Per esempio in quanto «femmina» mi piaceva fare l'amore in modo forte e violento; scambi forti e profondi, sfida di giochi erotici, modi calcolati di stuzzicare in modo da creare il momento propizio dell'incontro «bulla-femmina». Ma il piacere essenziale era che eravamo due donne e non due pupazze. Quando una donna diceva, «dammela, pupa» mentre tentavo di ricevere gran

no one who reads it will ever forget it

J.D.'s SEX GAY WANTS YOU!

strange pleasures



In 1986, we went to see it in LIPS for the umpteenth time in Trenton City Gardens. They came on and were pretty great. I was slamming the pit - a not, really, it's a - and was feeling really good. As the temperatures rise, the shift of, and the view was great. Lot of funky, sweaty punks pressing against it. It was heaven. Looking for a moment, I noticed this party - a lot of friends blond punk singing along with the band. When the lyrics, ... Give him a rat on the back, ... hard to describe the feeling it was ... were sung, he reached over to me and did just that. I rested my head on his back, then his ass. He smiled and patted my butt in return. We walked to the back bar and got acquainted and a few minutes later went out to his friend's van. We sucked and sucked like crazy while blasting hard. It was great! After the show let out and his friend returned to the van, he said goodbye. I have not seen him since...

paul x.

secret

furtive signal

四一



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dia eterosessuale.

L'ironia del cambiamento sociale ha fatto apparire oggi come un'esperienza reazionaria e non femminista la manifestazione radicale, sociale, politica, degli anni cinquanta. Questa è una ragione per cui sento che devo scrivere sui vecchi tempi. Non per romanticizzare il rapporto «bull-femmina», ma per salvare un'epoca che è stata troppo facilmente liquidata come un'epoca di autodisprezzo. Due esati fa, nel Kansas, alla Conferenza di Associazione di Studi della Donna, è stata presentata un'esposizione di diapositive al comitato lesbico, nelle quali una serie di miti sulle lesbiche sono stati piacevolmente ridotti a giusta misura. L'esposizione doveva essere usata in «normali» classi di educazione sessuale e per organizzazioni comunitarie. Una diapositiva era la rappresentazione comica del «mito» dei rapporti «bull-femmina», con una voce in sottofondo che suonava più o meno così: «nel passato le lesbiche copiavano stili eterosessuali, chiamandosi "bull" e "femmina" ma non lo fanno più ora». Ho aspettato fino alla fine per fare la mia osservazione, ma stavo seduta in silenzio che eravamo così ansiose di incassare le nostre vite in funzione dell'accettazione eterosessuale, che eravamo pronte a violare le nostre simili fino a raggiungere alcune parti delle nostre vite. Sapevo cosa una «bull» o una «femmina» avrebbe provato vedendo queste diapositive, e mi rendevo conto che il prezzo per un'accettazione sociale o superficiale del femminismo era troppo alto. Se ne abbiamo l'agomentazione del rapporto «bull-femmina», rifiutiamo le donne che lo hanno vissuto e lo vivono tuttora. Data la complessità e l'autenticità dell'esperienza «bull-femmina», credo che dobbiamo analizzare più profondamente il termine «interpretare un ruolo» usato primariamente per riassumere questa forma di amare. Non credo che il termine sia utile né come etichetta né come descrizione del

« Un articolo nel «Journal of Homosexuality» (estate 1980), *Preferenza sessuale e Stili Personali? Perché le Lesbiche non sono amate* di Mary Riege Lerner e Roy H. Lerner, documentava la rabbia e il rifiuto di 511 studenti universitari «normali» verso lesbiche chiaramente definite come «bulle-femmine». Questi risultati hanno portato Lerner a celebrare lo svanire degli stili tipici del rapporto «bulla-femmina» e a diffondere l'androginia in quanto strada più sicura per l'accettazione eterosessuale — una nuova giustificazione. Questa è la voce liberale divenuta conservatrice, la voce spaurita degli anni ottanta che avverte i negri di non essere troppo negri, gli ebrei di non essere troppo ebrei, le lesbiche di non essere troppo lesbiche. Per me questa è la base di un autentico tipo di distruzione dell'interpretazione dei ruoli — un auto — rincanto degli stili naturali così che non si arrabi il oppressore.

ruoli definiti culturalmente era una limitazione del reale e quindi non volevano che il punto di vista "bulla-femmina" fosse loro applicato o espresso come loro proprio⁴. La mia sensazione all'epoca, mi diceva che questo non era il vero motivo. La coppia «bulla-femmina» imbarazzava altre lesbiche (e imbarazzava ancora) perché le rendeva culturalmente visibili — un atto terrificante per gli anni cinquanta. Il linguaggio della Hansberry — le parole «discreto» e «zazera» — ne sono la chiave; poiché parlano di quello che alcune volevano tenere nascosto: ossia, la chiara implicazione sessuale delle due donne insieme. «The Ladder» patrocinava «un modo di comportamento e abbigliamento accettabile dalla società», ed è questa politica che Hansberry lodava. Questo desiderio di accettazione unito al lavoro radicale per la sopravvivenza che «The Ladder» stava portando a termine era un paradosso creato dall'America degli anni cinquanta. «The Ladder» stava portando a galla anni di dolore, stava aprendo la porta su un'esperienza intensamente privata, dando una voce alla «popolazione oscura» nella decade della caccia alle streghe di McCarthy. Sopravvivere voleva dire accettazione pubblica di regole sociali, ma nelle pagine della rivista stessa, erano esplorate tutte le dimensioni di vita lesbica, incluso il rapporto «bulla-femmina». «The Ladder» ha prodotto un'azione unica di equilibrio per gli anni cinquanta. Dava nutrimento a una vita sovversiva e segreta mentre inalberava la bandiera dell'assimilazione.

Non era il rigetto operato da noi ad insegnarci le lezioni più importanti su sesso, genere, classe, rappresentati dal rapporto «bulla-femmina», ma la rabbia che noi provocavamo per strada. Siccome a volte le «femmine» vestivano come le loro compagne «bulle», l'imitazione dei ruoli eterosessuali non era a prima vista apparente, tuttavia la nostra vista faceva uscire dai gangheri. Io mi spiego la rabbia degli spettatori «normali» in questo modo: non ci vedevamo come se prendessimo loro a modello, ma proprio il contrario — noi eravamo un simbolo dell'autonomia erotica delle donne, una realizzazione sessuale che non li vedeva inclusi. Gli attacchi fisici erano un diretto tentativo di creare una breccia in questo rapporto paritario, erotico e autosufficiente. Il sarcasmo più spesso gridato era «chi di voi due è l'uomo!». Questo non illetteva la nostra esperienza sessuale, ma testimoniava la mancanza di categorie erotiche nella cultura «normale». Negli anni cinquanta, quando camminavamo in Greenwich Village mano nella mano, sapevamo che flirtavamo con la vio-

⁴ Lettera da Sandy De Sando (agosto 1980).

Other books by the author:
 Rebellion: Essays 1980-1991
 Crime Against Nature
 We Say We Love Elly Bulkin and Barbara Smith
 Yours In Struggle

SAFE

MINNIE BRUCE PRATT



Firebrand
Books

For Leslie, my one and only you.

te¹, mi si è mai presentata come un uomo; si dichiaravano donne tabu, desiderose di identificare la loro passione per altre donne indossando abiti che simboleggiavano l'assunzione di responsabilità del proprio modo di essere. Parte di questa responsabilità si traduceva in una tecnica sessuale. Negli anni cinquanta il coraggio di sentirsi a proprio agio quando si stimolava un'altra donna divenne un atto politico.

Il rapporto «bulla-femmina» era un rapporto erotico tra partners; per entrambi serviva da notevole bandiera di ribellione e da intima esplorazione della sessualità delle donne. Non era un caso che le copie «bulla-femmina» fossero le vittime maggiori di insulto per strada e provocassero da parte delle lesbiche più assimilate e più riservate la richiesta di non essere così esplicite. Un brano di una lettera di Lorraine Hansberry, pubblicata nel 1957 su «The Ladder»², mostra le implicazioni politiche dell'esistenza del rapporto «bulla-femmina»: è un appello alla discrezione, credo, per via dell'erotica chiarezza dell'immagine visibile del rapporto «bulla-femmina»:

Mi aspetto che un giorno la lesbica «discreta» non volgerà la testa, per strada, alla vista di una «bulla» che va a zonzo, mano nella mano con la sua amica, entrambe in pantaloni e capelli a zazzera. Ma per il momento disturba ancora. C'era un impossibile terreno di discussione con amici eterosessuali più illuminati (per usare un eufemismo)³.

Una critica a questo articolo suggeriva che in realtà il problema era che «molte altre lesbiche all'epoca sentivano che l'adozione di

¹ La parola «travestita» qui è usata per le lesbiche che sembrano uomini alla gente «normale». Queste indossano abiti da uomo e fanno lavori da uomo (per es. portare taxi, essere impiegate nei magazzini di merci). Tuttavia la parola non è appropriata qui; si tratta di un tipo di travestite, ma solo la donna coinvolta da tale esperienza può spiegarla. A volte uso questa parola per indicare la maschera di una profonda identità per l'accettazione sociale. Comunque, questo fenomeno, con tutti i suoi significati è un elemento centrale della cultura lesbica, pertanto merita un'analisi a parte. Il lavoro di Michelle Cliff, *Claiming an Identity They Taught Me to Despise* (Rivendicare un'identità che mi hanno insegnato a disprezzare), è un inizio.

² «The Ladder», pubblicata dal 1956 al 1972, a cura di Gene Damon (Barbara Grier) era la creazione culturale lesbica più solida del periodo. In quanto «femmina» di strada, conducevo una vita sociale inaccettabile, cercavo disperatamente, nelle edicole della zona East inferiore, di New York questa sottile rivista con una lesbica in copertina. Ora si può trovare la serie completa presso gli Archivi di Storia Lesbica.

³ «The Ladder», n. 1 (maggio 1957), p. 28.

Relazioni lesbiche Coraggio sessuale negli anni cinquanta «La bulla e la femmina»

Joan Nestle

Da molti anni sto cercando di immaginare in che modo spiegare la natura dei rapporti lesbici in cui vi è divisione di ruoli — la lei maschio, e la lei femmina — alle femministe lesbiche che la considerano una riproduzione dei modelli eterosessuali. Le mie stesse radici affondano in questa situazione lesbica, e la conseguenza è la comprensione delle proprie esperienze in quanto lesbica.

Verso la fine degli anni cinquanta, camminavo per strada con l'aspetto così da «bullas» che gli adolescenti mi chiamavano bulla frocia; tuttavia quando andavo al Sea Colony (un bar in Greenwich Village, New York, di lesbiche proletarie) cercando amiche e a volte amanti, ero una «femmina», una donna che amava e voleva alimentare la sua forza da «bullas» in altre donne. Ora ho quarant'anni; anche se sono lesbica da più di venti anni e ho abbracciato il femminismo come una visione del mondo, riconosco una «bullas» a cinquanta metri di distanza e ancora percepisco il brivido del suo potere. Contrariamente a quanto si pensa, questo potere non è a spese dell'identità «femminile», per come io ne ho avuto esperienza; i rapporti «bullas-femmina» erano complesse affermazioni erotiche, non false copie eterosessuali. Prendevano corpo attraverso un linguaggio profondamente lesbico: posizione, abito, gesto, affettuosità, coraggio, autonomia. Nessuna delle donne «bulle» con cui sono stata, comprese le travestite frocia.

* © 1981 Joan Nestle. Tratto da «Heresies», n. 12, 1981. Trad. di Ilaria Scarcia.

Ho impiegato quaranta anni a scrivere questo. Mi hanno aiutato: Frances Taylor, Naomi Holoeh, Eleanor Batchelder, Paula Grant, Judith Schwarz e il collettivo del n. 12 di «Heresies»; inoltre Paula Webster, che ha detto «fallo» per anni; e soprattutto Deborah Edell, la mia amante femminista lesbica «bullas», che non mi ha mai cre-

GENDER QUIZ

quiz, n. [? suggested by L. *quiz*, who, which, what, *quid*, how, why, wherefore]. 1. [Rare], a queer or eccentric person. 2. a practical joke; hoax. 3. a questioning, especially an informal oral or written examination to test one's knowledge.

Webster's New World Dictionary of the American Language

In 1975, when I first fell in love with another woman, and knew that was what I was doing, I was married to a man, had been for almost ten years, and I had two small sons. Everyone was shocked at the turn I was taking in my life, including me. Everyone—from the male lawyer who handled the divorce to my handful of lesbian friends—wanted to know: Had I ever had these feelings before? When had I realized I was “different”? When had I started to “change”? And the state of North Carolina, where I was living, certainly wanted to know: Did I understand that I could not be both a mother—a good woman—and also a lesbian—a perverted woman?

To answer their questions and my own, I did what perhaps every person who identifies as lesbian or gay does when we come out to ourselves. I looked back at my own life for the clues of memory to use as I struggled through a maze of questions: I didn't feel “different,” but was I? (From *who*?) Had I changed? (From what?) Was I heterosexual in adolescence only to become lesbian in my late twenties? Was I lesbian always but coerced into heterosexuality? Was I a less authentic lesbian than my friends who had “always known” that they were sexually and affectionally attracted to other women? What kind of woman was a lesbian woman? Was I a “real” woman?

What I found at the center of my exploration was my first friendship, when I was five and she was five, with a white girl who had lived next door to me, a tomboy. I had not talked to her since our high school graduation in our small Alabama town, but I knew from my mother that she had never married. I wondered at how intensely I remembered her. Then one evening, as I read my poetry in a Bir-

mingham bookstore, she walked in, looking grown and fine in her cowboy boots, white shirt open at the collar, tailored slacks—looking like the burch dyke she had turned out to be. She was someone who had known me since I was small, but she was as shocked as everyone else that I had grown up to be a lesbian too.

When I found her, I found other questions that required me to turn back and look yet again: How was it possible that coming from the woman-hating, race-baiting, church town of our childhood, we had both grown up to live as lesbians? Why was she the first person I felt passionately about outside my family—someone who was not only a lesbian, but a burch lesbian? How had we recognized each other then, with no language for who we were? What mark had we each left on the other? And who *were* we to each other, at five years old? Were we "burch" and "femme"? Were we "boy" and "girl"? Why was I invisible in her memories, a "girl" but not a "lesbian"?

I turned and looked back again at the two of us, those two girls. I saw the kite string slack in my hand, the kite falling and crumbling, and how she reached out and pulled me forward into the wind with it. I said to her, "But after we were little, I never saw you. You were always playing with the boys. I was afraid of the boys." And she said, "But what you didn't know was that I was afraid of the girls." All through high school she fell miserably in love with straight girls who were aggressively femme, but at the senior prom she dated the captain of the football team. I sat sedate, awkward, and alone, in a strapless pink prom dress, full of anticipated power but unable to sail into a room of dancers who, like me, desired and despised the power of women.

Twenty years later these questions unwound before me: Was my femme style—the tilt of my head, my way of asking questions, the tone of my voice—related to my sexual desire? To my notion of myself as a woman? What did maleness and femaleness have to do with the identities of burch and femme we had grown up into? What did the gestures of masculinity and femininity have to do with us as women?

The next time I came home she arranged another reunion, a dinner with queer folks from our high school years. That night there were five, all of us white, a friendship network as segregated as our education, our never even getting to meet the Black students in the

NUOVA **dwtf**

donnawomanfemme



I. De Lempioka, *Les deux amies (Prospective)*, 1973

AMORE PROIBITO.
RICERCHIE AMERICANE SULL'ESISTENZA LESBICA

left much leisure to think about it."

"Am I so different from you?" She whispered her thought out loud.

"You have to decide that. To me we're still kin."

A cruise ship passed; laughter from the people on deck floated across the water. I sat, facing New Jersey, with Frankie's hands on my shoulders. "Are you still with Johnny?"

I felt her body sink against mine. "It's hard for two butches, Jess. It's very hard."

I sighed and nodded. "Hey, Frankie. When two butches are together—like lovers I mean—do they talk about their feelings?"

"Feelings?" Frankie asked. "What are those?" We both chuckled, warm and relaxed. We laughed harder and harder, until tears streamed down our cheeks. For the first time since she touched me, I relaxed my body against Frankie's. I allowed myself to enjoy the strength of her arms around me.

"You know, Frankie," I whispered. "There's things that happened to me because I'm a he-she that I've never talked about to a femme. I've never had the words."

Frankie nodded. "You don't need words with me, Jess. I know."

I shook my head. "I do need words, Frankie. Sometimes I feel like I'm choking to death on what I'm feeling. I need to talk and I don't even know how. Femmes always tried to teach me to talk about my feelings, but it was their words they used for their feelings. I needed my own words—butch words to talk about butch feelings."

Frankie pulled me tighter. Tears welled up in my eyes. "I feel like I'm clogged up with all this toxic goo, Frankie. But I can't hear my own voice say the words out loud. I've got no language."

Frankie opened her arms wider, took more of me in. I leaned my face against her arm. She offered me refuge, the way I held Butch Al years ago in a jail cell. "Frankie, I've got no words for feelings that are tearing me apart. What would our words sound like?" I looked up at the sky. "Like thunder, maybe."

Frankie pressed her lips against my hair. "Yeah, like thunder. And yearning."

I smiled and kissed the hard muscle of her biceps. "Yearning." I repeated softly. "What a beautiful word to hear a butch say out loud."

[Thanks to Angelica for borrow me this book + for created 'the red fruit room' and tobi for shared a piece of her butch story w/us]
xoxo, veruska.

school on the other side of town. We hadn't known much about many of the lives hidden in our town, and now we gathered, ready to find out: Me and the woman who was my first friend, almost my first memory. And my best girlfriend from high school, who'd also grown up to be a lesbian and a mother. My first boyfriend, who'd turned out to be a gay man so sweet I remembered why I wanted to be his girl. And another gay man who still lived in our hometown. We gossiped about who we'd had crushes on, who we held hands with on the sly, who flirted back.

The list of people became staggeringly long, far beyond my idea of who might have been "lesbian" or "gay" in my tiny town of about two thousand. There was the girl classmate, long since married, who'd graduated and then had an affair with a woman gym teacher. And the girl classmate who had gone from one woman lover to another until her front door got broken down in the middle of the night. And the married Sunday School teacher whose daughter, later married, had had an affair with a girlfriend, who years later had had an affair with the teacher-mother. There were the boys who either did it with each other or watched the fucking that went on between them in a church, in a parsonage, with the preacher's son. There was the gay man who opened his door one night to find an envelope on his doorstep stuffed with photographs of a married male acquaintance, and a pleading invitation.

We told stories about taking the compulsory heterosexual quiz in high school, with its two ways to answer, its two ways to turn: straight or gay, heterosexual or queer. One choice would lead us out of the maze into adulthood, the other directly to hell. But it seemed that the public tally of our choices had almost no relation to our hidden lives, to whose hand was on whose ass, to the dream we buried, dead center, in our heart. The institution of heterosexuality certainly existed, but its daily practice—at least in my hometown in the deep South—suddenly seemed no more sturdy than the wedding pictures of man and wife printed on flimsy yellow paper in the local weekly.

Yet law and custom had usually been strong enough to make our public lives match the picture. The boundaries of heterosexuality strengthened other institutions—including those of race and class—whose limits were also unacknowledged. In the town newspaper I saw photographs of the sheriff and his deputy by the courthouse,

pouring confiscated whiskey into the street gutters until the town reeked of moonshine. But there were no pictures of my girlfriend inside her house, on her hands and knees in the kitchen with a mother almost broken by poverty. No picture of her father jailed for trying to buy their way out by selling bootleg liquor. When my white father died in the county nursing home, the paper printed one version of his life, from semi-pro baseball to the lumber mill. No mention of him drinking the bootleg whiskey, no mention of his racist theories on who was taking over the world. The Black woman who raised me died across the hall from him in the home. There was nothing in the paper to say she had lived or died, or how many children she had mothered, nothing of her daughters or her grandchildren.

When I was engaged to be married to a man, the local paper published an announcement and a picture of me, groomed and womanly, ready to be a wife. Of those of us gathered at our queer reunion, there was no public record in our town—no note in the weekly chat column from Greenpond or Six Mile—of those we had loved faithfully for five years, ten years, the children we had familial. But in our bodies we knew that our way had not led to a dead end, a blank wall, a blank piece of paper. We had walked through into our own lives.

The last time I went home, I introduced my new love to my first girlfriend, and watched them greet each other warmly. After years of loving butch lesbians, I had taken as my mate a woman so stone in her masculinity that she could, and did, sometimes pass as a queer man. I had no language to talk about her or us together. I had to learn to say that I had fallen in love with a woman so *transgendered*, with such perceived contradictions between her birth sex and her gender expression, that someone at one end of a city block could call her "M'am" and someone at the other end would call her "Sir." I was learning that I was more complicated than I'd had any idea. I was beginning to pull the thread of who I was out of the tangle of words: *woman and lesbian, femme and female*.

That night I looked back at my first friend, a girl scalded by her mother's shame. The threats of walk-like-a-lady, of don't-be-so-loud-and-angry. (And hate yourself enough to almost go crazy.) I looked back at myself, the child flirting in photographs with angled head, sidelong glance. The child given an impossible choice by her

I frowned. "Like what?"

Frankie shrugged. "I think she's horrified by something inside of her she thinks is twisted. Like maybe she fantasizes about being with strong old bulls, or men or something. Poor Grant. I wish she'd let me in. I love that old bulldagger so much."

We sat in silence, listening to the waves lapping against the pilings beneath us. Frankie sighed. "You know, Jess, I never learned to love myself until I gave in to loving other butches."

I laughed. "I don't know why, but I have this image of you sleeping with a different femme every week."

Frankie nodded without smiling. "I thought that was what I was supposed to do. Inside my head I was asking each one: *Could you love me? Do you love me? Am I loveable?* Of course, the minute they did care about me I knew I couldn't respect their judgment so I moved on to the next. God, I was a shit to femmes."

Frankie looked out over the water. "It was only when I finally admitted it was butch hands I wanted on my body that everything changed for me. The more I saw what I loved about other butches, the more I began to accept myself. You know who gets it for me, Jess?" I smiled and shook my head. "An old bull with graying hair, a cocky smile, and sad eyes. You know the kind of butch with arms as big as your thigh? Those are the arms I want to hold me."

I ran my fingertips over the dark wood near my thigh. "I love them so much, too. But what gets it for me is high femme. It's funny—it doesn't matter whether it's women or men—it's always high femme that pulls me by the waist and makes me sweat."

Frankie rested her hand on my arm. "You and I have to hammer out a definition of butch that doesn't leave me out. I'm sick of hearing *butch* used to mean sexual aggression or courage. If that's what butch means, what does it mean in reverse for femmes?"

I shook my head. "I never thought about it like that. But I have to admit that when you told me about you and Johnny, the first thing I wondered was, who's the femme in bed?"

Frankie leaned forward. "Neither of us were. What you meant was who does the fucking and who gets fucked? Who ran the fuck? That's not the same as being butch or femme, Jess."

Frankie moved closer to me and touched my shoulder. I tensed. "Relax," she whispered, "I'm not coming on to you, Jess."

"I'm sorry, I'm not so used to getting touched."

Frankie's hands kneaded the soreness from my shoulders. "You know, I have a confession to make. I used to have a crush on you in the old days."

I laughed nervously. "Oh shit. I was just starting to relax with you."

She patted me on the back. "You'll get over it." Frankie rubbed my neck. "You were like a fucking legend when you started to pass. What's it like, Jess?"

I shrugged. "I don't know. Just trying to survive has pulled me through, but it hasn't

"What about Theresa?" I held my breath.

Frankie shook her head. "You remember Butch Jan? She and her lover got a flower shop on Elmwood Avenue—Blue Violets. I can't think of anybody else, except for Duffy. You remember Duffy, the union organizer?"

I smiled. "Yeah, I remember Duffy."

Frankie leaned forward. "You don't know how sorry he was that he fucked up that job for you. He really didn't mean it, Jess."

I nodded. "Yeah, I know he didn't. I want his phone number, if you've got it. I'd like to talk to him, too." Frankie nodded.

We stood in shy silence. "Frankie, I'm sorry. I always thought I was so open-minded. But when I came up against my own fears, I tried to separate myself from you. I've done some growing up since then. I can't take it back, but I'm real sorry."

Frankie gestured with her thumb toward the Duchess. "You don't know if they'll let you in there? Well in our day I was afraid if I showed who turned me on my own people would shut the door in my face. That's a terrible way to feel. I'm sorry that's happening to you now. Shit, Jess, what hurt the most is I respected you. I wanted you to respect me."

I rubbed the sadness out of my eyes. "Well, you deserved it. C'mon," I took her by the shoulder. "Let's go to the piers." We walked slowly down Christopher Street toward the Hudson River. "You know, Frankie, when we were younger, I thought I had, it figured out: I'm a butch because I love femmes. That was something beautiful. No body ever honored our love. You scared me. I felt like you were taking that away from me."

Frankie shook her head. "I wasn't taking anything from you. But how do you think I felt when you told me I wasn't a real butch because I sleep with other butches? You were taking away who I am. Jesus, Jess, when I walk down the street guys fuck with me. I don't have to prove I'm butch to them. How come I got to prove it to you?"

I shook my head. "You don't." I put my arm around her shoulder. We crossed the West Side highway and walked to the end of the pier. The full moon illuminated the clouds. Light shimmered on the dark water.

Frankie's voice dropped low. "Jess, which old bull really brought you out?"

I smiled at her memory. "Butch Al, from Niagara Falls."

"For me it was Grant," Frankie said.

"Grant?" I remembered Grant as a mean drunk who could offend everyone.

Frankie watched my face. "Grant meant the world to me. She taught me that I am what I am, that I got nothing to prove. It was a very liberating concept for a baby butch."

I smiled gently. "I never thought of Grant as very liberated—not that any of us were."

Frankie nodded. "Grant never took her own wisdom to heart. She's a prisoner of her shame, but she didn't want us young ones to end up like her. She only seduced baby butches when she got real drunk. But I never felt like we made her happy. I think she has some secret passion that scares the shit out of her."

teachers: Be smart or be a girl, be a girl or be strong. (And hate yourself enough to almost leave your body.) The two of us had sat at playtime in the dirt, barefoot, battling furiously hand-to-hand in the desire to defeat the other. How had we survived to meet again? Survived to grow up to be women for whom the word *woman* did not adequately describe the twists and turns our bodies, our lives, took through sex and gender?

No one had turned to us and held out a handful of questions: How many ways are there to have the sex of girl, boy, man, woman? How many ways are there have *gender*—from masculine to androgynous to feminine? Is there a connection between the *sexualities* of lesbian, bisexual, heterosexual, between desire and liberation? No one told us: The path divides, and divides again, in many directions. No one asked: How many ways can the *body's sex* vary by chromosomes, hormones, genitals? How many ways can *gender expression* multiply—between home and work, at the computer and when you kiss someone, in your dreams and when you walk down the street? No one asked us: What is your dream of who you want to be?

In 1975, when I first fell in love with another woman, and knew that was what I wanted, I had just begun to call myself a feminist. I was learning how many traps the female body could be caught in—sexual assault and rape, beatings in the home, our thoughts turned back in shame on our bodies. I learned how women's bodies could be used to reproduce children without our consent, to produce someone else's "pleasure" at our expense. Most importantly, I began to be able to explain many of the events of my own life that had been unintelligible to me.

I was able to recall and find a pattern in certain acts that had made no sense—like a sexually suggestive comment from a male co-worker—and acts that I hadn't understood as significant—such as the fact that a male job interviewer questioned me on my childcare arrangements. For the first time in my life, I understood myself as *woman*, the "opposite sex," a group of people subject to discrimination and oppression—and capable of resistance. I was able to locate my body and my life in the maze of history and power.

The oppression of women was a revelation to me; the libera-

tion of women was my freedom. There was tremendous exhilaration in being part of a liberation movement, in gathering together with other women to explore how to get to freedom. In consciousness-raising circles, political action groups, cultural events, literary collectives—in all kinds of women's groups and spaces, we identified the ways oppression had fenced in our lives.

And we read the theories of women who had ideas about how to end the oppression of women as a sex. I found a few writers who examined the relation of capitalist economic development to women's oppression. But most of the theory available to me was ahistorical and monocultural. It emphasized that the solution was to eliminate differences between *women* and *men*. Some proposed abolishing distinctions in biological functioning—as in Shulamith Firestone's suggestion for artificial wombs to erase female biological functions that she believed were the basis of male and female, and of inequality. Others felt that the answer was to end modes of gender expression, patterns of femininity and masculinity. Carolyn Heilbrun advocated androgyny, the elimination of the polarities of "gender roles" that she considered the cause of power differences between men and women. Andrea Dworkin campaigned to alter the practice of sexual intercourse, to get rid of sexual images and acts she believed would perpetuate maleness and femaleness, and therefore domination and submission.

I found these theories persuasive. Maybe eliminating sex differences or transcending gender expression would end *woman* as a place of oppression. But, in fact, the theories didn't explain some important aspects of oppression against me as a woman in my daily life. I'd been pregnant with two children and given birth to them. The way the doctors treated me only made me ask, "If there were artificial wombs, whose hands would administer the technology, and for whose profits?" And those two children had been two boys, each of whom had possessed, by the time he was two or three, his own unique blend of masculine and feminine. Was it possible to train them into androgyny? Was this the skill they needed to take action against unjust power in the world? As for intercourse, this was where I had experienced the most pleasure in my relationship with a man; my husband had tried carefully to please me. I would have had more pleasure if my sexual play had not been damaged by fear about pregnancy—and by shame about what I could want as a woman. But my husband's

snuggled up against Ruth. She felt warm and comforting beside me. "Sleepy?" she asked me.

I nodded. "Stay with me for a while, Ruth. Please?" She nodded. I buried my face in her neck.

She stroked my hair and kissed my forehead. "Sleep now, my sweet drag king."

I almost hung up when I heard Frankie's voice on the other end of the phone. "It's me—Jess. Do you remember me, Frankie?" That's all I could think of to say.

There was a long silence. "Jess? Jesus, is that really you? It's been a long time." I cleared my throat. "Yeah, it has been. Listen, Frankie, I really want to talk to you. If you don't want to, I'll understand. But I owe you an apology, and it's long overdue. I'd like to offer it to you in person, if you'll see me. I'm living in New York City now, but I could come to Buffalo."

Another long silence. "You know something, Jess? I'm still mad at you, but not as mad as you're afraid I am. And I'll tell you something else. It matters to me that you called to say that. I'll be in Manhattan on the 15th, at the labor college. I could meet you at the Duchess for a drink around 11:00."

I paused. "Is that the lesbian bar in Sheridan Square?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I don't know if they'll let me in. Can I meet you outside the bar?"

"Sure," Frankie said. "I'll see you then."

When the night finally arrived I paced under a streetlamp outside the bar chewing my thumbnail. I saw Frankie approach from across the street. We stood awkwardly. Neither of us knew where to begin. I reached out my hand; she shook it. I found our shared past in her grasp.

I'd forgotten how much I love butches until I looked at her standing there—the defensive defiance of her stance, one hand jammed in her trouser pocket, her head cocked to the side.

I don't know which shocked me more, the ways Frankie had changed or how much she looked exactly the way I remembered her. Strange to see soft wrinkles in that freckled teenage face, silver hairs among the wiry red ones. "It's good to see you, Frankie."

She scuffed her shoe against the pavement. "It's good to see you, too."

I tried to keep my lower lip from trembling. "I don't just mean it's nice to see you, Frankie. Just looking at you is bringing back a whole part of my life I really need right now. It's really good to see you."

I opened my arms and we hugged each other tight, then we wrestled playfully. I scruffed her hair, she punched my shoulder. "Jess, no matter what went down in the past, we're still from the old days. You still matter to me," Frankie said.

I thought that was such a generous thing to say. "You ever see anyone from the old crowd?" I asked.

She nodded. "I see Grant a lot."

Ruth smiled. "It's a brave thought, but I don't want to die."

I nodded. "At first I thought it meant resigning myself to death. But now I think it means facing my own life at the moment I'm facing my enemy. Maybe that's the key to fighting fearlessly, to surviving. I've left a lot of things unfinished in my life. It makes me more afraid to die. It holds me back in a fight."

Ruth frowned. "Like what?"

"I always wanted to leave something important behind. Remember the history book you gave me for Christmas?" Ruth nodded. "I've been going to the library, looking up our history. There's a ton of it in anthropology books, a ton of it, Ruth. We haven't always been hated. Why didn't we grow up knowing that?"

Ruth propped herself up on her elbow and watched my face as I spoke. "It's changed the way I think. I grew up believing the way things are now is the way they've always been, so why even bother trying to change the world? But just finding out that it was ever different, even if it was long ago, made me feel things could change again. Whether or not I live to see it."

"At work, when everyone else is at lunch, I've been typesetting all the history I've found, trying to make it look as important as it feels to me. That's what I want to leave behind. Ruth—the history of this ancient path we're walking. I want it to help us restore our dignity." Ruth pressed my hand to her lips.

"But I want more, Ruth. There's things I've been afraid to face in my life. They may sound small, but they hold me back from pride. Remember when I told you about Butch Al? I want to find out what really happened to her."

"And there's a butch I once put down because I couldn't deal with the fact that she got turned on by other butches. I thought being butch automatically meant being attracted to femmes, just like I assumed transvestism meant gay."

Ruth smiled. "It's an easy misunderstanding. You were hanging out in gay bars." I nodded. "Yeah, but I always wanted all of us who were different to be the same. I can't believe I rejected a butch friend because she took a butch lover. I want to tell Frankie I'm sorry."

Ruth kissed my cheek. "Anything else?"

I nodded. "Yeah. There were two little kids—Kim and Scotty. I promised I'd come back and find them someday. Oh, and there's one more thing I need to do."

Ruth ran her fingers through my hair. "What?"

I lay back and stared into the universe on the ceiling. "I want to write a letter to Theresa, a woman I still carry around in my heart. We parted in a real rough way. I want to finally find the words, even if she never reads them."

My eyelids felt heavy. Ruth curled up against me as I yawned. "You'll find the words," she reassured me.

I sighed. "First I have to let my own memories come back. I put them away somewhere because they hurt. Now I have to remember where I put them."

The breeze from the window chilled me. I pulled the tie quilt over both of us and

penis was not dominating my life. Instead, I was concerned about the power of white men who interviewed me for possible jobs at large institutions, and then protected their economic position by never hiring me.

And, when I stood up to face the public opponents of my liberation as a woman, I got little help from the theories I was reading. When I debated right-wing women in my community in North Carolina, as they lambasted the Equal Rights Amendment, their tactics were based on baiting the women's movement precisely on the issue of elimination of sex and gender differences. They accused: Equal rights means unisex bathrooms. Equal rights means homosexual marriages. They meant: If you challenge gender boundaries, you will make women more vulnerable to abuse by eliminating gender protection. They meant: If you challenge gender boundaries, you will have men and women adopting the behavior of the opposite sex and getting pleasure from it.

I didn't know how to answer their raging remarks, accusations which were echoed throughout the United States as part of a concerted antifeminist campaign. Some of the first slogans I'd learned in the women's movement were "Biology is not destiny" and "Women are made, not born." I'd read feminist theory that analyzed how jobs and household chores and emotions were divided up between men and women according to sex. But I—and the primarily white middle-to-upper-class reform women's movement that backed the E.R.A.—did not have an analysis of sex, gender expression, and sexuality that was complex enough to respond to these right-wing attacks.

We could have said, in these debates, that the answer to violence against women was not the illusion of protection by limiting women's activity, but a movement in which women learned to fight back, with allies, to protect ourselves, and to move through the whole world safely. We could have answered that the split between *man* and *woman* was designed to keep one sex up and one sex down in an economic system where profiteers make money off a war between the sexes. We could have answered that *woman* was not the opposite of *man*, and that liberation meant crossing all arbitrary gender boundaries, to place ourselves anywhere we chose on the continuum of maleness and femaleness, in any aspect of our lives.

In some more private spaces within women's liberation, we did advance these arguments. But in hostile public space it was controversial to propose even the slightest changes in "normal" male and female behaviors. *That* was to question the foundation of "civilization." The reform wing of the women's movement was profoundly ambivalent about taking on lesbian and transgender issues publicly. It dealt with issues of race and class reluctantly and inconsistently, when at all. A victory for these reformers meant only a fractional expansion of the old public boundaries on what was acceptable behavior for "womanhood," on who was a "respectable" woman.

Some of these reformists accepted limits on what constituted womanhood because of uncritical allegiances to their own class and race positions. For others, this was a strategic decision; they believed a political definition of woman that de-emphasized difference would secure more territory for more women in a hostile world. They hoped to establish a bulwark, and then a place that could be built on for greater liberation. In fact, the exclusion of women who blurred the edges of what was considered legitimate as *woman*—because of race or class or sexuality or gender presentation—made women's space smaller and more dangerous, made this aspect of the women's movement weaker and more limited in foundation.

In the end, I moved away from reform politics into cultural and political actions that embraced the complexities of *woman*. The group of women I began to work with was, at first, predominantly white, both working class and middle class, and lesbian. But we had been deeply influenced by the Black civil rights and liberation movements. We saw the freedom of all women as linked inextricably to the elimination of racism. In addition, we learned from the political and theoretical work of feminists and lesbians of color who showed us how to question—and place in an economic and historical context—the many categories of "difference," including those of race, sex, class, and sexuality.

But even as we traced how women's liberation could be extended through these connections, these untangleings and re-braidings, we still had not fully explored sex and gender. There were unanswered questions, and questions that were never raised, about "manhood" and "womanhood." We carried with us many of the negative assumptions and

I nodded slowly. "Yeah, it's a funny way it does."

"I figured that," she said. "It's the place inside of me I have to accept. I then it might be what you need to deal with, too."

I sighed. "I really do have trouble not being able to figure out if what you've said is about to be day or about to be night."

Ruth rolled toward me and rested her hand on my chest. "It's not going to be or night, Jess. It's always going to be that moment of infinite possibility that connects them."

Ruth's face was very close to mine. We became aware of the symmetry of our breathing. She slid her hand slowly along my body from my chest to my stomach. She dropped her eyes. I chewed my lip. "I'm afraid," I answered the question she hadn't asked loud.

"Why?" she asked. "Because I'm neither night nor day?" I squeezed my eyes shut. I knew I would lose her if I wasn't honest. I knew I might lose her if I was.

"Yes," I told her. "That's part of it. Remember your geometric theory? More it double the trouble?"

Ruth rolled onto her back. "I'm not suggesting we do it in the road."

I started up at my sky. "You know what I mean. But that's only part of it. If I can have to be honest, it's because I'm afraid not to be with someone who is night or day. I guess I felt like the femmes I was with anchored me. It was the closest to normal I ever felt."

Ruth curled up into my arm. "Were you her dawn or her dusk?"

I smiled sadly. "In the beginning I was her dawn. By the end I was her twilight. We both sighed.

"You want more truth, Ruth? There's a place somewhere inside of me where I've never been touched before. I'm afraid you'll touch me there. And I'm afraid you won't. My femme lovers knew me well, but they never crossed those boundaries inside of me. They tried to coax me across the borders into their arms, but they never came after me. You're right there with me. There's no place for me to hide. It scares me."

Ruth smiled sadly. "Isn't it funny? That's exactly why I would like to make love with you."

We lay quietly. I kissed her hair. "Oh, Ruth, I haven't had to navigate sex in a long time, with anyone. I don't even know who I am as a lover anymore. But I'm scared you'll leave me now. Can't we figure it out as we go along? Please stay in my life. I need you so much."

Ruth got up on one elbow and kissed my lips. "I need you, too." I held one of her hands, marveling at how small mine looked in hers. She dropped her eyes while I kissed each one of her knuckles.

"I've been thinking a lot about my life since my jaw got broken," I told her. "I once read about warriors who resolve before they go into battle that 'Today is a good day to die.'"

values that the larger culture had assigned to *woman*, *feminine*, *man*, *masculine*—ideas that served to limit women's behaviors and to prevent examination of how "masculinity" and "femininity" are not the basis of sex, race, and class oppression.

Often a lesbian considered "too butch" was assumed to be, at least in part, a male chauvinist. She might get thrown out of her lesbian collective for this, or refused admittance to a lesbian bar. Frequently a lesbian who was "too femme" was perceived as a woman who had not liberated her mind or her body. In ordinary arguments with a lesbian friend or lover, she could be dismissed—as I sometimes was—with, "You act just like a heterosexual woman." Yet during this same time, lesbians who were butch, femme, and all gender expressions in between were trying to decipher which of our behaviors still did reflect oppressive patterns learned in a woman-hating culture. These struggles were present in 1982, in New York City, when an alliance of women with a range of sexualities had planned "The Scholar and the Feminist" annual conference as a way to examine the complex intersections of pleasure and danger in women's sexuality and gender expression. They were condemned as "sexual deviants" and "sluts" by a group of women organizing against pornography, who identified themselves as "real feminists."

At about this time, I was teaching women's studies at a state university near Washington, D.C. One day in the classroom, we were discussing lesbian life in general, and butch/femme in particular. I was dressed casually, but in femme style. The white woman to my left was a muscular, big woman, with short hair and a black leather jacket; she drove a Harley to school every day. She said forcefully, "Butch and femme don't exist anymore." It was a moment typical, in many ways, of the lesbian-feminist space I lived inside during the 1980s. As women and as lesbians we wanted to step outside traps set for us as people sexed as *woman*, to evade negative values gendered to us. We didn't want to be women as defined by the larger culture, so we had to get rid of femininity. We didn't want to be oppressed by men, so we had to get rid of masculinity. And we wanted to end enforced desire, so we had to get rid of heterosexuality.

For some lesbians, one way out of these traps was to choose androgyny, or to practice a sexuality of "mutuality and equality"—an attempt to eliminate the variations of "man" and "woman" we saw in

CHAPTER

24

I t was the first day of spring, when everyone who lives in this city agrees to feel good at the same time—a day when it seems as though every woman, man, and child is flirting with my difference. I browsed at the farmer's market in Union Square, killing time. The sun dipped behind the buildings to the west of the island. Ruth made me promise not to come home until late afternoon. It was time to discover my surprise.

I knocked on my own door and waited for Ruth to answer it. She wiped her hands on a cloth and led me into my bedroom. "Close your eyes," she urged. "Remember you told me I could do anything I wanted to do it?" I smiled and nodded. "OK, open your eyes." I looked around and then up at the ceiling—there it was.

I sat down on my bed and fell back to look at the ceiling. Ruth had painted it velvety black with pinpoints of constellations I recognized. The darkness softened to light around the edges. I could see the outline of trees against the sky.

Ruth lay down next to me. "Do you like it?"

"It's just incredible. I can't believe you've given me the sky to sleep under. But I can't tell if it's dawn or dusk you've painted."

She smiled up at the ceiling. "It's neither. It's both. Does that unnerve you?"

each other every day. Another way was to explain hostility toward "masculine" lesbians and "feminine" lesbians as arising from homophobia, rather than from prejudices about what kind of gender expression was appropriate for "respectable" women and "liberated" women. One answer for many was to deny the deep fear in the larger culture, and therefore within ourselves, about sex and gender fluidity.

The fear can take different forms. The classified sections of gay and lesbian newspapers still run personal ads that say "No butches, no drugs"—a statement equating gender defiance in a woman with self-destruction, a lesbian version of a gay man's "straight-appearing, no femmes" ad. Discussions of sexuality may exclude butch/butch no femmes/femme pairings as too homocerotically queer. Some of us who talk of ourselves as butch or femme may reject identification with people like us who live at the extremes of gender. A coolly sophisticated lesbian at a dance may say, "I'm a femme, but I'm not like *her*," dismissing the woman she sees as "going too far" in her femininity.

We know, from being alive in the United States in the twentieth century, that there are severe punishments dealt to those who cross sex and gender boundaries, and terrible penalties visited on women who claim their womanhood independently. This is really no surprise, though, since the institutions of power are based, at least in part, on controlling difference—by sex, gender, and sexuality. No wonder we may feel there is safety in moderation, in assimilation, in a "normal" expression of sex and gender. But *moderation* means "to keep within bounds." Inside whose boundaries are we living?

And despite the punishments for boundary crossing, we continue to live, daily, with all our contradictory differences. Here I still stand, unmistakably "feminine" in style, and "womanly" in personal experience—and unacceptably "masculine" in political interests and in my dedication to writing a poetry that stretches beyond the woman's domain of home. Here I am, assigned a "female" sex on my birth certificate, but not considered womanly enough—because I am a lesbian—to retain custody of the children I delivered from my woman's body. As a white girl raised in a segregated culture, I was expected to be "ladylike"—sexually repressed but acquiescent to white men of my class—while other, darker women were damned as "promiscuous" so their bodies could be seized and exploited. I've worked outside the

STONE BUTCH BLUES

A Novel \ Leslie Feinberg



Firebrand
Books
Ithaca, New York

home for at least part of my living since I was a teenager—a fact deemed masculine by some. But my occupation now is that of teacher, work suitably feminine for a woman as long as I don't tell my students I'm a lesbian—a sexuality thought too aggressive and "masculine" to fit with my "femininity."

I am definitively lesbian to myself, but not in a way recognizable to a heterosexual world that assumes lesbians to be "mannish." Unless I announce myself to be lesbian, which I do often—in my classroom, at poetry readings, to curious taxi drivers—I am usually assumed to be straight. But unless I "butch up" my style, sometimes I am suspect inside my lesbian world as too feminine to be lesbian. And both inside and outside lesbian space, there is another assumption held by some: No "real" lesbian would be attracted to as much masculinity as I prefer in my lesbian lover.

How can I reconcile the contradictions of sex and gender, in my experience and my politics, in my body? We are all offered a chance to escape this puzzle at one time or another. We are offered the True or False correct answer. We are handed the questionnaire to fill out. But the boxes that we check, *M* or *F*, the categories *male* and *female*, do not contain the complexity of sex and gender for any of us.

The stories that follow are part of a new theory about that complexity which is appearing at the intersections: between the feminism of U.S. women's liberation; the writings of women of color nationally and internationally; the queer ideas of lesbian, gay, and bisexual liberation; and the emerging thought of transgender liberation—a movement that embraces drag queens and kings, transsexuals, cross-dressers, he-shes and she-males, intersexed people, transgenderists, and people of ambiguous, androgynous, or contradictory sex and gender. These intersections make clear that every aspect of a person's gender expression and sex will not be consistently either masculine or feminine, man or woman. I find many layers of my own experience in this theory, and I find an exhilaration at the connections between myself and others as I see, with increasing clarity, how gender oppression and liberation affect everyone, how my struggle as a woman and a lesbian overlaps and joins with the struggles of other gender and sexually oppressed people. A friend of mine has said of this exhilaration: "It's like being released from a cage I didn't know I was in."



but not if you have to clean it

This is a theory that explores the infinities, the fluidities of sex and gender. The African-American woman eating sushi at the next table may be a woman lovely in her bones, gestures, tone of voice, but this does not mean that her genitals are female. If the handsome Filipino man in the upstairs apartment is straight-appearing, this does not mean his erotic preference is the "opposite sex." The white woman next to you at the doctor's office may have been born male, and have a complex history of hormones and surgery. Or she may have been born female and have a different but equally complex history of hormones and surgery. The person on the subway who you perceive as a white man in a business suit may have been born female, may consider herself a butch lesbian, or may identify himself as a gay man. The *M* and the *F* on the questionnaire are useless.

Now here I stand, far from where I was born, from the small segregated hospital in Alabama where a nurse checked *F* and *W* on my birth certificate. Far from my first tomboy girlfriend and the ways we played together, splashing barefoot in rainwater. Far from who I was as a wife and mother, almost twenty years ago, when I began to question the destiny I had been assigned as a woman. I have lived my life at the intersection of great waves of social change in the United States in the twentieth century: the Black civil rights and liberation movements, the women's liberation movement, the lesbian/gay/bisexual liberation movement, the transgender liberation movement. The theory developed by each has complicated our questions about the categories of race, sex, gender, sexuality, and class. And these theories have advanced our ability to struggle against oppressions that are imposed and justified using these categories. But we can not move theory into action unless we can find it in the eccentric and wandering ways of our daily life. I have written the stories that follow to give theory flesh and breath.

SUPPLICA A MIA MADRE

BESTEMMIA

E' difficile dire con parole di figlio

ciò a cui il mio cuore ben poco assomigliò

Tu sei la sola al mondo che sa, del mio cuore
ciò che è stato sempre, prima di ogni altro amore

Per questo devo dirti ciò ch'è orrendo conoscere:
è dentro la tua grazia che nasce la mia angoscia

Sei insostituibile

Per questo è dannata
la solitudine la vita che mi hai data

E non voglio esser solo - Ho un' infinita fame
d' amore, dell' amore di corpi senz'anima

Perché l' anima è in te, sei tu, ma tu
Sei mia madre e il tuo amore è la mia schiavitù:

Ho passato l' infanzia schiavo di questo senso
alto, irrimediabile di un impegno immenso

Era l' unico modo per sentire la vita,
l' unica tinta, l' unica forma: ora è finita

Sopravviviamo: ed è la confusione
di una vita rinata fuori dalla ragione

Ti supplico, ah, ti supplico: non voler morire
sono qui, solo con te, in un finto Aprile ...



diamanda galás

diamanda galás, acclamata cantante internazionale, pianista, compositrice e poeta, si è esibita dal 1978 in tutto il mondo.

è autrice delle performance teatrali *the plague mass*, *vena cava e schrei x*, e delle registrazioni/concerti *malediction and prayer*, *judgement day* e *masque of the red death*. nel 1996 *serpents tail* ha pubblicato *the shit of god*, una raccolta di scritti e testi teatrali originali della galás.

nel settembre '99 ha debuttato in prima mondiale *defixiones, will and testament* nel castello di gravensteen a gent in belgio.

diamanda galás sta attualmente lavorando alla composizione dell'opera *nekropolis* che debutterà nel 2002.

programma

epistle of the transients
(cesar vallego/diamanda galás)

lonely woman
(lorette coleman)

todesfugue
(pau celers/diamanda galás)

supplica a mia madre ▼
(peter paula pasculli/diamanda galás)

my world is empty without you
(joshua dozier/indiana)

dancing in the dark
(eddie schwartz)

abel and cain
(e har us baudelaire/diamanda galás)

keigome, keigome
(arthur's jay-osi)

try me
(ellen fenn)

losing hand
(colt nation)

be sure that my grave is kept clear
(traditional)

dead cat on the line
(tampa red)

i put a spell on you
(accompanying jay hawks)

gloomy sunday
(alvie power/samuel lesirozso sures)

i'm gonna live the life
(mahalia jackson)

haslayim yasiyorum
(uda brant)

diamanda galás
email: discoj@rai.it mule records and/a
webpages: www.diamandagalas.com www.brainwashed.com/diamanda

VII.

"The wavering line between
light and shade...."

STONE HOME

Above Times Square, huge words run glimmering across the walls of buildings, and we walk underneath, holding hands, anonymous. We walk away from the Broadway theater, toward the subway, toward home. The streets still run wet from a thunderstorm that rocked the stage just before the brass walls fell clanging down, and Medea stretched out her bloody hands, defiant murderer of her children. I want to joke that she was then what the Christian Right says I am now: a woman who left her husband and annihilated her children, who practices witchcraft and wants to destroy capitalism, a woman who has turned into a lesbian. But she reminds me more of myself as a young bride, when with my husband, I entered, unwitting, the home I thought of as ours.

When I crossed that threshold, I entered a house whose foundation depended on my docile hands, my laying it in place every day, act after act, brick after brick, walling myself in. The house as mausoleum, as sarcophagus. The house where one foundation corner rested on the body of the white women who never said *No* to the men who owned the place. When I stood up and left, there was a screaming of walls, like the shriek of torn metal. There were the silent voices of women I heard screaming. My voice screaming. I thought I would go mad when my children were taken. I thought they would die without me and I without them. Where was the land where they could be with me, where women, men, and children were no one's possession? I went to the other women, clenched angry groups in courtyards, on the streets, chanting. I became a lover of women, and without a home. I launched myself, errant, on a long journey to a place that does not yet exist.

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teatro
di stato
di roma

diamant
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teatro
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ore

unico concerto italiano

Kathy Acker & Me



Now I am on this strange street with you, in a place where the sky flashes with the names of those who own the city, written in letters bigger than houses. I live with you here where the ground shakes with the machinery of money, where people are ground up for profit, their lives pulverized to bonemeal between millstones. We lumber down the steps to the subway, say, "Good evening" to the man who works on the first landing, panhandling. My fingers scratch my pocket for coins. At the bottom of the stairs we wait on the platform. We watch the other travelers, uneasy, trying to place us as *man*, *woman*, into some opposition. Uneasy, we watch the travelers, trying to place them as danger, ally. On the train, a woman walks through the cars singing a song about love, for money.

As the train emerges from under ground, I see that the granite walls of the tunnel are held together with huge iron bolts. I see the lights of the office buildings, the bank buildings, perched above the tunnel. We walk home talking again of fundamental change, of the edifice of power, of what is to be done. We are the obscure stones at whose shift the walls will crack from bottom to top, dirt to wind, so that all can be built again for all. If the lowest stones move, those who stray and sell even the sky will crash down in a scatter of glittering rock.

For years I wasn't that interested in getting to know Kathy Acker, even though I sometimes had her phone number because I thought she would be a real bitch/goddess. And I was nobody's groupie. Eventually I got over my dislike and gave her a call. I wanted some feedback on a new piece of writing. *The Memorials of a Prosy Licking*. *Selamite* and thought she would appreciate the title. I read the whole thing, in one sitting and then I proceeded to give me the most brutal, honest and necessary critique I had ever had. Wow! She definitely was the most unapologetic bitch I ever met.

I was always thrilled to hear her New York City stories. I begged her to tell me absolutely everything she could remember about living in the East Village (a massive piece of work by her reckoning — a racist, misogynistic anti-Semite who would have gotten nowhere without his sugar daddy) and Dane Acker, people I missed knowing by being just a few years too late or too young. We became friends a year before she was diagnosed with cancer and moved back in London (in the last time I photographed her a few months before she was given an "unnecessary" radical double mastectomy). And then a year after the operation for the cancer of the Weekend Guardian and her article about how she had healed herself from cancer, if only she had. She was one guy away. A failure as a dyke, better as a bitch, a Daddy's Girl and one of the most radical sex writers of the century. I loved her and I'm missing her now.

Del laGrace Volcano

LibreriaBabeleGalleria, Milano
From April 19th to June 19th 2001

In the gallery of the Libreria Babele Del laGrace Volcano presents, for the first time in Italy, a selection of his photos included in the monograph 'Sublime Mutations', published by Konkusbuchverlag. He was born in California and he's been living in London since 1987. He studied photography at the San Francisco Art Institute, and he won a prize for his works in 1979. In 1992 got his Master in Photographic Studies at the Derby University. Transgender artist, Del laGrace is been investigating the queer image for nearly 20 years. He portrays his subjects in their daily life situations or posing in his studio.

Changing from the colour to the black and white type photos, his objective fixes and moulds the image of the continuous mutation of his subjects (who alter gender or sex). The artist plays with his sexual identity too. In fact, it underwent a mutation during the years, a mutation which unhinged the codes of the aesthetic canons, tied to the definitions of masculinity and femininity. The last works he seems to mock the whole sexuality, because he creates hybrids with mutant-appearance.

He published three photo-books:
LOVEBITES (Gay Man's Press, 1991)
THE DRAG KING BOOK (Serpent's Tail, 1999)
SUBLIME MUTATIONS (Konkusbuchverlag, 2000)
He also shot three video documentary:
PARSEXUAL PUBLIC POEM (1997)
A PRODIGAL SON? (1998)
JOURNEY INTERSEX (2000)

He exposed his works in Europe, U.S., Canada and Brazil.

Angelo Vlsone



IN A TIME OF ANCIENT DRAG QUEENS,
BORED DYKES, AND FAG BARS
A TOWN IN TEXAS CRIED OUT FOR A HERO -
SHE WAS RAUNCHY, A BIG-BELLIED TRAMP
FORGED IN THE LUST OF FANDOM
AND THE HEAT OF LESBIAN DRAMA.
THE POWER,

cover photo: valerie yandell
www.io.com/~raunchy/

THE FASHION.

THE PASSION

-HER BAND WILL ROCK YOUR WORLD-



RAUNCHY REQUESTS &
THE AMAZONS

THE SHRINE OF SAINT DEREK OF DUNGENSESS

ORDER OF CELLULOID KNIGHTS

St. Derek was a gay/queer film maker, set designer and writer, whose life expressed a fierce desire for a world where human lives weren't deformed by homophobia, poverty (including artistic poverty), 'respectability', and the policing of gender identity. He was canonised by the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence shortly before his martyrdom in 1994.



A Short Biography of Derek Jarman

Saint Derek was born on 31st January 1942, son of a RAF officer of Kiwi extraction. Derek's progress towards sainthood was at times slow, he only slowly grew to express his sexuality happily, given the silence, fear and prejudice about same-sex love that characterised the 'fifties in middle class England. But then the dear, dear 'sixties came along and he left home, and the frozen ice of his emotional sea found its spring.

Things changed fast and radically. He rejected the social mores of his upbringing, more notably those of his father (his mum encouraged her son's 'unconventionality'). He started enjoying life rather too much for decency. There's a wonderful picture of this period in his *Modern Nature* - interspersed with the most beautiful discussion of flowers (it's the gay modern equivalent of *The Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady*) - his involvement in films developed slowly, with many difficult periods when money was hard to come by. Gay related film didn't feature highly on the agenda of the film industry in those days - the films are wonderful, if not

infrequently angry. The anger of the early films was something he later felt was perhaps a bit regrettable. Jarman could 'fizz' with saintly, righteous anger against the illogicalities of a world that had pushed him and the gay and lesbian tribe, to its edges. His work became, to my mind, yet more interesting as he got older, with films dealing with religion (a recurring concern), philosophy and death.

His first feature film was *Sebastiane* (1976), with its frank depiction of gay desire, and if you like too much of things, well it's perfect!, and many wonderful films followed:

Jubilee (1978) - a celebration (but it's just a bit ironic) of punk culture;

The Tempest (1979) - a wonderful campy retelling of the story - and just the thing for someone whose world was fused through the alchemy of film. Lots of lovely sailors as well!!! *Caravaggio* (1986) - the remarkable biopic, with lots about marginality and homosex;

Last of England (1987) - dark and bitter with a touch of William Blake about it, showing all the signs of a film made in opposition to that leaden weight on England's chest, Mrs Margaret Thatcher.

The Garden (1990), - my favourite of all his films, which made a tremendous impact on me at first viewing, a sort of life of Jesus for anyone camp, on the edge of religion, gay, artistic, marginalised, or curious (see my article 'Doing Queer Theology in the Garden', in *Theology and Sexuality* Spring 1998 on this beloved film, it might also help you think differently about Theology);

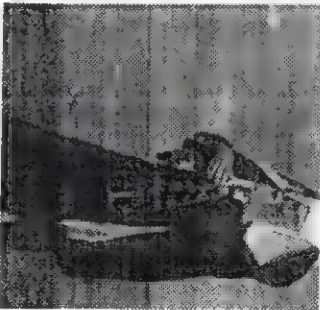
Edward II (1991) - a pretty natural subject given Queer Edward's struggles with a mostly hostile environment;

Wittgenstein (1992) - the funniest film about philosophy that there's ever been;

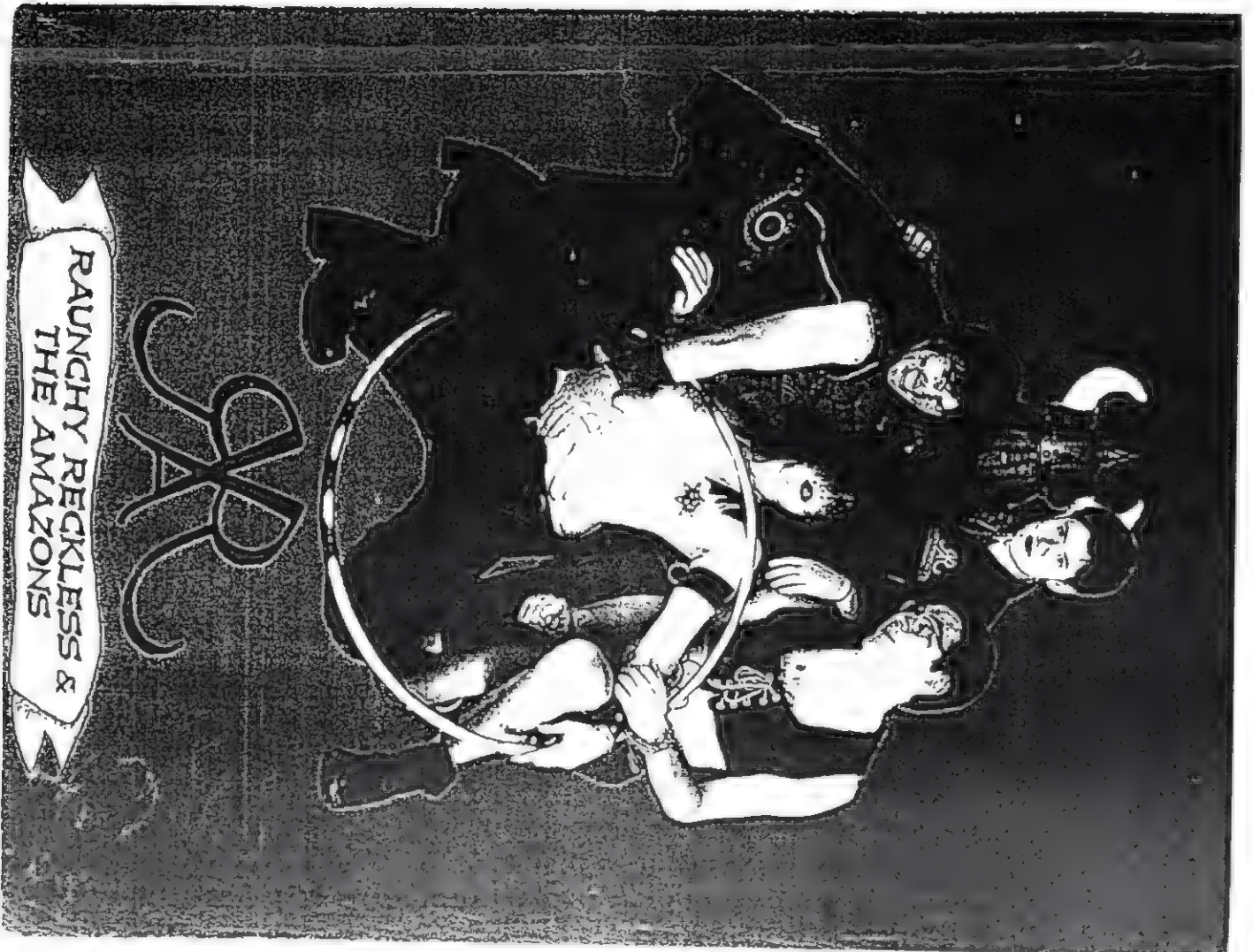
Blue (1993), which I love 'cos it's got love and life and death all rolled up into it (and since the screen remains a uniform blue throughout, you can, I suppose, see it without having a TV and video - just a cassette player and a piece of card).

I love all Jarman's books - but if you're just starting, try the charming and very readable *Modern Nature*, or if you're a gay/lesbian activist you might prefer *At Your Own Risk*.

For an overview of his work, see *Derek Jarman: a Portrait* published by Thames and Hudson [1996] (in the UK) ISBN 0 500 01723 9.



The pictures on this page were taken on the day of his canonisation at Dungeness Beach, in Kent, England. Jarman wrote of this place 'There are no walls or fences. My garden's boundaries are the horizon... There is more sunlight here than anywhere in Britain... When a winter storm blows up, cormorants skim the waves' (beginning of *Modern Nature*, published by Vintage Books in the UK - just the book for



TRIBE8

The following interview was done by Federica to L. Breedlove after T8 concert in Rome. It was passed on Ape Reginaradio show on July 18th 2000. It was also published in the kick ass Italian feminist 'zine le streghe edited by Lara&Gio.

1-why the idea to form a band?
Flip and i just quit doing drugs and alcohol and we needed something to keep us busy. flip wanted to meet girls.

2-How did you meet each other, and how the TRIBE 8 did chance themselves from the first band? I met flip in a hetero bar we used to go to and drink. later after i got sober, i asked my girlfriend if she knew anyone who played drums and she said Cat, so i called Flip who knew only the key of B, and Cat, and we wrote 5 songs in 3 days and played at our friend's birthday party. Les was at that party so we got her to play bass, then another bass player named Mahia came along, so les learned guitar, and then we all played at about the same level: shitty, and we then Cat got too high on drugs had to get another drummer, Maria Jones, who is in the By the Time we get to Colorado CD. Then we got Blade on drums, and Tantrum on bass, who are on the Fast City, Snarkism, and Role Models CDs

-What do you think about the interest of people that are not directly involved in your own situation?
Some people criticize me 'cos i'm etero... i think it's great that the straight punks at forte prenestino put on different gay shows at the squat every night, and let us be their guest and built a float (gay parade truck) for the transsexuals.

-Do you think that queer is "another world"? Do you think that queer in future will be together with the official scene? What do you think about the official scene?
I think it's great that the straight punks at forte prenestino put on different gay shows at the squat every night, and let us be their guest and built a float (gay parade truck) for the transsexuals.

Lynn Breedlove - Vocals
Lynn Flipper - Guitar
Leslie Mah - Guitar
Tantrum - Bass
Shade Rollum - Drums

We all ought to help each other fight. it's good to ask, if it is not your fight, how you can help. We all need each other. there is no need to segregate, except when we need to find strength just in each other, like at women-only events, then men should understand and come around.
6-Tell me about your songs. How do you feel writing them and while you sing it?

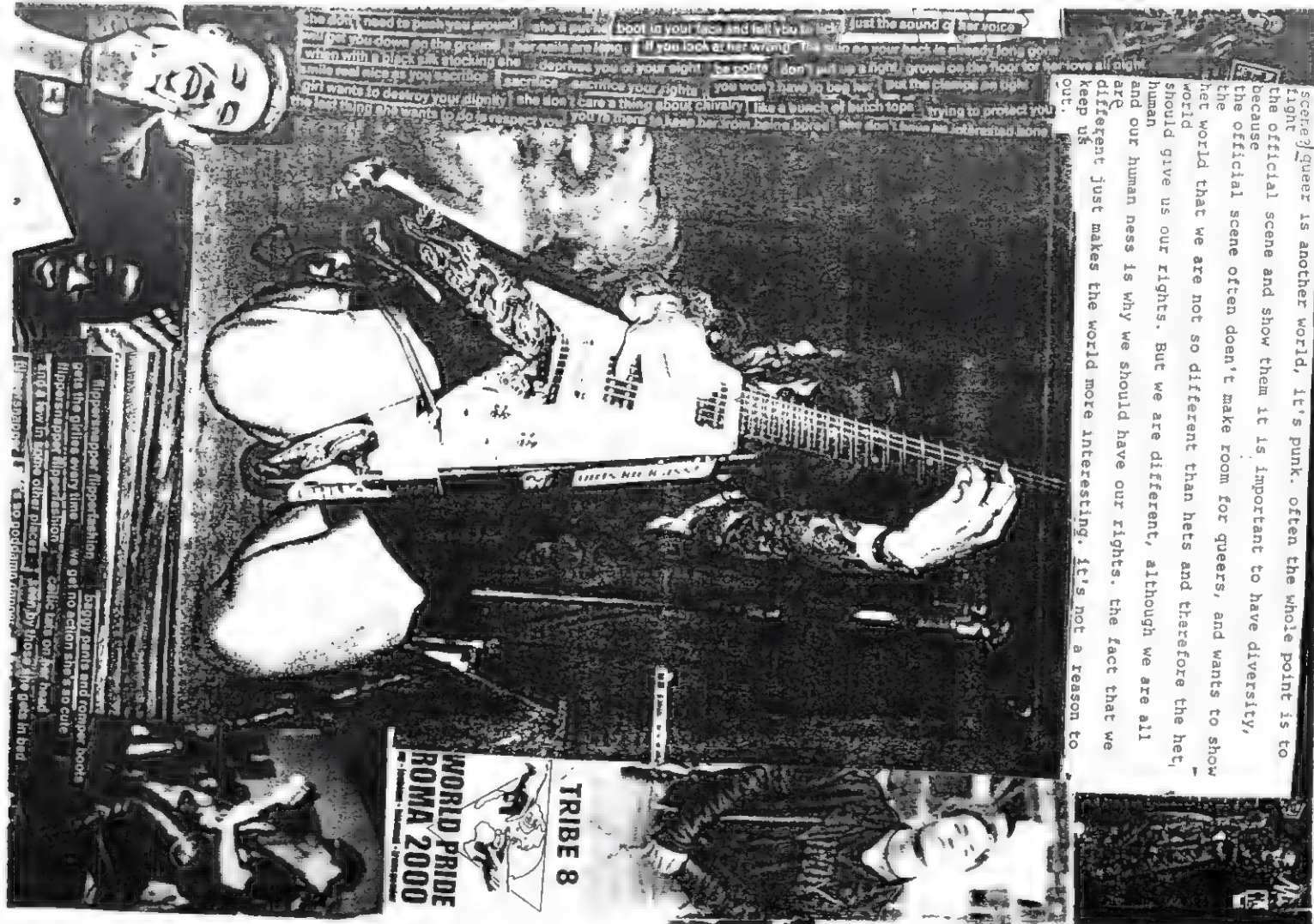
I have felt impassioned when i write songs, and sometimes i have been very high on coffee and chocolate! and i have fun when i sing them.



WORLD GAY PRIDE

-Do you think that queer is "another world"? Do you think that queer in future will be together with the official scene? What do you think about the official scene?

Malio



scene] queer is another world, it's punk. often the whole point is to fight the official scene and show them it is important to have diversity, because the official scene often doesn't make room for queers, and wants to show the world that we are not so different than hets and therefore the het world should give us our rights. But we are different, although we are all human and our human ness is why we should have our rights. the fact that we are different just makes the world more interesting. It's not a reason to keep us out.

the don't need to push you around she is putting boot in your face and tell you to look just the sound of her voice
you put you down on the ground her nails are like if you look at her wrong the skin on your back is already being gone
with with a black silk stocking she deprives you of your sight he points don't put up a fight growl on the floor for to move all right
she real nice as you sacrifice sacrifice sacrifice your rights you won't have to beg her but the clamps are tight
she wants to destroy your dignity she don't care a thing about chivalry like a bunch of bunch tops trying to protect you
the last thing she wants to do is respect you you're there to keep her from being bored she don't know me interested none

flippers/pipes flippers/pipes gets the girls every time we get no action she's so cute
flippers/pipes flippers/pipes calls her on her head
flippers/pipes flippers/pipes is so goddamn funny
flippers/pipes flippers/pipes is so goddamn funny

WORLD PRIDE
ROMA 2000
TRIBE 8

APE REGINA

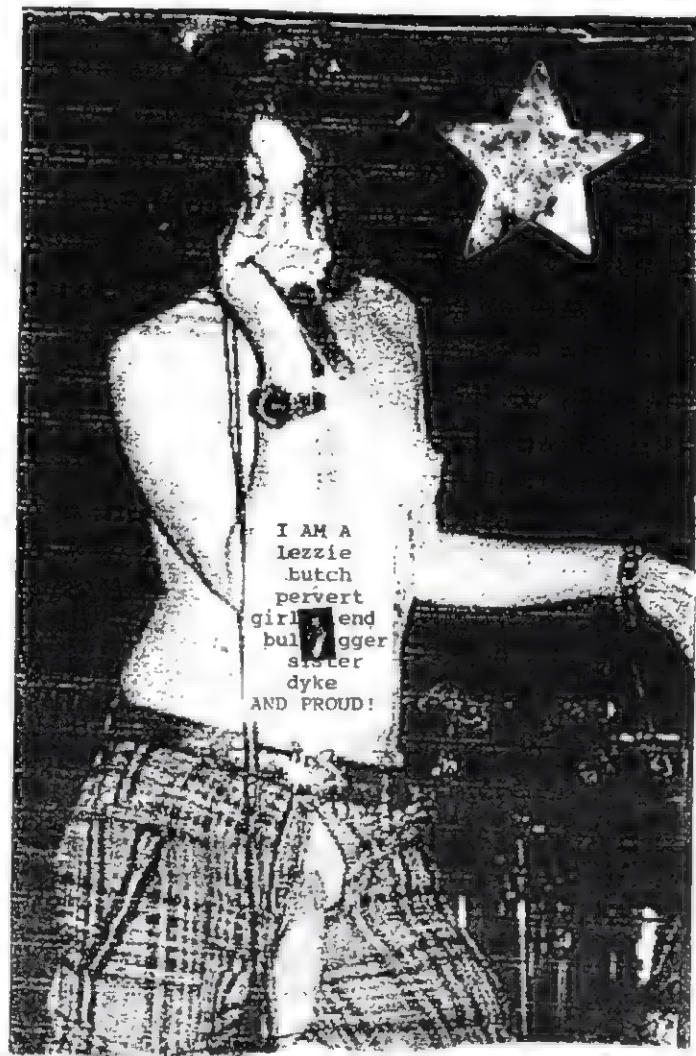
(RADIO ONDA ROSSA 87.900 FM 19:00-20:00)
MARTEDI' AUTOCESTITO FEMMINISTA

APE REGINA NASCE NEL GIUGNO DEL 1999 DAL BISOGNO DI ESPRIMERE NOI STESSA E L'IMMAGINARIO FEMMINILE SOTTO I NOSTRI OCCHI. APE REGINA E' LA NOSTRA PERSONALE RIVOLUZIONE E LOTTA PSICOLOGICAMENTE E MUSICALMENTE CONTRO LA CIECA VIOLENZA FISICA E PSICHICA, CONTRO IL PATRIARATO TRONFIO E LO STUPIDO ORGOGLIO FALLICO. NOI VOGLIAMO SCEGLIERE L'UNIVERSO FEMMINILE AD ESSERE ATTIVO PERCHE' CREDIAMO CHE PER TROPPO TEMPO LA SIENA QUEER SIA STATA OSCURATA. PROPRIO PER QUESTO ABBIAMO SENTITO LA NECESSITA' DI ENTRARE IN CONTATTO CON L'ASSOCIAZIONE ARCALESBIKA DI ROMA PER ORGANIZZARE INSIEME ALCUNI DEI MOMENTI DEL WORLDPRIDE 2000, DANNO COSI' UNA VISIBILITA' PUNK-DIYKE, E SPATIO ALLA CULTURA QUEER (IN ITALIA PORTORRO ANCOR NON SI PUO' PARLARE DI UNA COMUNITA' QUEER MA COSTITUITA, MA SOLO DI SINGOLI INDIVIDUI CHE LAVORANO AGGIUNTE ESSI SI SVILUPPI). PROPRIO PER QUESTO ABBIAMO DECISO DI CREARE UNO SPATIO DOVE LA CULTURA QUEER SI PUO' ESPRIMERE, ENTRANDO ANCHE IN CONTATTO CON QUELLA DI LA SIENA UFFICIALE.

E' "COMUNITA' LESBICHE".
SEMIAMO CHE POSSA SERVIRE A RENDERE PIU' VISIBILE L'ESPRESSIONE QUEER PER CONTRASTARE L'OMOFOBIA PRESENTE NELLA SIENA PUNK-DIYKE E ARCALESBIKA HANNO IN COMUNE IL FINE DI CONTRASTARE L'OMOFOBIA IL PATRIARATO IL SESSISMO. IL NOSTRO SCOPO BASTA PER CREARE QUALCOSA DI POSITIVO PER CONTRASTARE LA ESSERE ATTIVE NELLA SETTIMANA DEL WORLDPRIDE 2000.

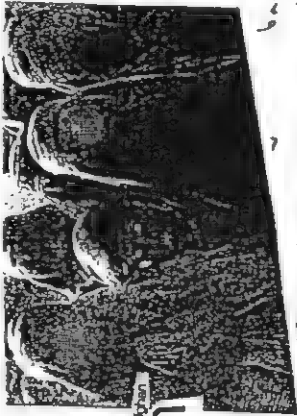
FEDERICA

VERUSKA



I AM A
lezzie
butch
pervert
girl and
bulldigger
sister
dyke
AND PROUD!

Queens, 9-11



A girl peers out from a group of Afghan women

women

Allison finally came home, dust in her hand, a beer out + started to tell her story. We couldn't believe she was there, just blocks from those towers, + now she was here with us. I wanted to hold onto her till she was real, but I was so fucked I could barely listen to her describe

★ walking through the underground tunnel then up what d'ya think about the big chaos are going to happen and the War Bush tactics? that's a long speech waiting to happen. Emily and I were in New York playing lady fest east so were are both very traumatized after witnessing what the terrorists did there. I'm scared that bush will retaliate on a large scale, and start another meaningless war. I really hope someone starts slipping him and his cabinet estrogen. this is man made destruction, I believe. I don't see the average woman wanting us to blow more shit up. it's quite a fucked up and frightening time.

into an office where she waited for an hour for the smoke to clear + she could go across the Brooklyn Bridge on foot. Just yesterday people were telling me it was too far to bike. + here Allison had just walked all day to come home. Today made me feel like I don't know myself at all. And who knew that they would make this morning, tie their ties + have + put on their according to their gender + later, as their offices exploded out from under them, they would be holding hands + jumping out together, or in groups scattered on different floors above the burning hole, too horrified to live through what they had seen + felt, so they dropped, + at first they just looked like

★ new projects? bob, mary and I are in shemo. bob is starting a new label called 16 records. I'm excited to record and tour with that band. I have zines for sale for \$1 plus stamps, and the lesbian movie 2000 thru mr.lady. the haggard has a brand new record in sept. 2001 called "no future" out on mr.lady. also, we'll release a 7" on 16 records in the next few months and tour australia in january 2002. I am trying to find an agent to get my book "leo" published...so who knows when that'll come out. way down low #9 and the gay hotel #2 (which sells for \$5) will be out by the end of the year. I think that's all for now.

★ window glass + debris, but somehow I understood that they were people leaving the building by suicide. maybe I can go to sleep + think it's okay. It's hard to turn off the tv + think, that's it, all I can do is sit here, I can't bring them back by watching the news replay the day, hoping again + again the twin towers remain in the sky, that those two planes weren't hijacked + exploding over + over, trying to get the image of fear in those passengers faces out of my mind for imagination.

the long Autumn evenings (if you're reading this in the northern hemisphere) or to inspire you to plant your garden (if you're in the southern hemisphere)).

(all pictures courtesy of the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence)

Allelujah!!!!



AND OUT THE
SISTERS OF PERPETUAL INDULGENCE



It's not over til the end.

The young doctor told me this morning

I was carrier of the aids virus

I was visibly distressed

I was visibly distressed

I was visibly distressed

I smiled and told her not to worry.

i smiled and told her not to worry.

I never liked xmas.

(Derek Jarman)

22n Dec. 1986

HARUH - SCARUH

FROM
OREGON
USA

TRIPCHA PUNK
TRIBAL WAR REC.

MENTAL HEALTH
EURO TOUR W/
APRIL - MAY



HS ARE FOUR WOMEN WHO PLAY POLITICAL PUNK. ARE FROM PORTLAND, OREGON (U.S.A.) AND HAD JUST RECORDED THEIR FIRST ALBUM ON 'TRIBAL WAR RECORDS' - 'MENTAL HEALTH' IN THE SPRING 2000 PLAYED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN EUROPE, AFTER LOTS OF AMERICAN TOURS... THE LAST WAS A CONTRIBUTION AT THE NATIONAL INITIATIVES AGAINST THE EXPERIMENTS ON PRIMATES. THE GAINED OF THE TOUR WENT BENEFIT FOR THE ACTIVISTS OF THIS CAUSE. HS MOVED ON A PULLMAN W/OTHER BANDS AS: OI POLLOI, ANTI-PRODUCT & AUS ROTTEN... STOPPIN' TO PLAY IN FRONT AT THE 8 BIGGEST AMERICAN EXPERIMENTAL & RESEARCH CENTRES. FOR THE BAND IT'S IMPORTANT PLAY INTO THE MORE HS CONSIDER THEMSELVES PUNK INDEPENDENTLY BY BEING GIRLS & DYKES. IN THE LAST TWO YEARS THE BAND HAD PRODUCED A 7" CD 'SCARUH' AND A K7 AND THE POLISH MALARIE RECORDS HAD RECENTLY PRODUCED A SPLIT: HS/STUPOR.

IN TOWN. Kox Veruska [M]ition of thank you goes to Tina Chang (evawhere she's now!) for helped me w/the interview and made sense at my non-sense englsh...

MEMBERSHIP LIST:
EIN SCARUH - VOCALS,
TOMI BALORI - GUITAR, VOCALS
DYKING SCAM - BASS, VOCALS
SCARY SHARI - DRUMS, VOCALS

★ what kind of zines d'u like? Personal narratives
Written by dykes and trans...



★ d'u like porn? I like
tag porn and pornographic cartoons. Writing it is
pretty fun.



★ here feminists & lesbians are really anti-porn...
how is the situation in U.S. and yr position?
people that I know feel it's not cool to limit
anyone's expression or way of making money, as long as
it isn't self destructive or hurting other people.
It's not a secret that sex is everywhere in society,
selling shit, promoting misogyny, etc, so I believe
people can either take charge and put feminist porn
out there, or protest it and not really change what
has always been a part of society. I think it's cruel
and very anti women to protest the sex industry. It's
more important to allow women to work legally, for
them to unionize, and feel safe at their workplace



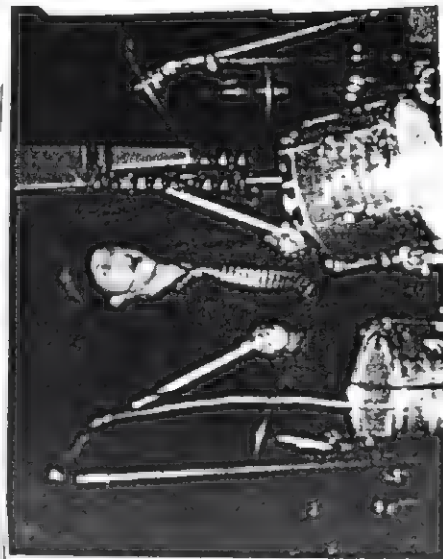
★ also the... at the southern girl convention in...
 ... i found this being an fascinating subject...
 ... i tell re the story + what kind of connection u
 ... and between these 2 things? love and eating
 ... i did it out of print right now, but it's a short
 ... v.doo i did about my relationship with my
 ... and my attitude toward love. it's the second
 ... v.doo i did. my latest compilation is the lesbian
 ... v.doo. with 2 other short videos.

★ did u find realized others documentaries + u went
 ... direct a school or make 'em just for fun? i have no
 ... timal education whatsoever in making movies. i just
 ... packed up emily's camera and started shooting one day.
 ★ there's lots of women in pdx doing films? yes,
 ... there's a popular film school here called the
 ... northwest film center
 ... -also, u write 3 different zines..
 ... were u find all these inspiration for realize all
 ... time different stuff? i don't know. i'm kind of
 ... catches usually, and i have a strong need to
 ... communicate and create. i started way down low after
 ... painter Lewis seemed too superficial, and the gay
 ... novel was written so i could address my feelings about
 ... in and b/m.

★ how u started to write zines + what it mean to u?
 ... i started writing a zine after i read a train hopping
 ... zine called grundig by my friend michael. i've always
 ... written and after i graduated college i didn't want to
 ... step and get out of practice now it's my main

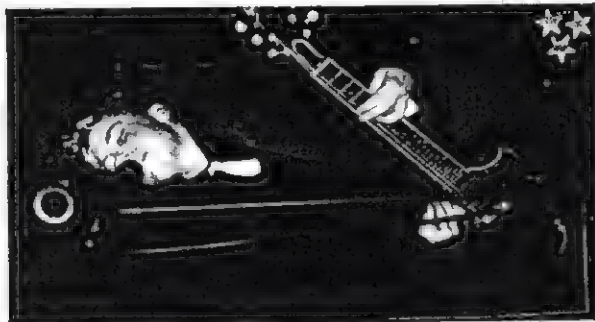
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 ... step and get out of practice now it's my main

THE HAGGARD



riches, not a poverty stricken refugee
 ... we don't even know what does a forced march
 ... mean? You get torn from your house, shot in
 ... the head, or you march over the dead
 ... on Alberta street. wait till they find the
 ... mass graves, you'll wonder why you weren't there

communication with the world, besides the haggard.



The Haggard can be
 reached at: PO Box 40821 /
 Portland, OR 97240
 m s
 ekingan@brainlink.com

Will they find the Mass Graves => our generation stood in shock as
 they showed us Hitler's horrors remember Mr. Faris saying history pla
 re itself sure + war Ethnic cleansing never stopped there, our
 generation is pacified, we let hosovo rot on a hillside, instead of
 ... to mourn by their side. We don't care
 ... we've got plenty of food to eat, we worry about our

women

veruska when did u started playing?

toni: we first started playing two and half years ago together and for us it's not our first band,
 we played in some other bands.

veruska: do u want talk about the other bands where did u played?

toni: i played in a band called "the fondled" in LA it was kind of a joke band and then i played
 in a band called "Ce Be Barnes" band, which was like five years ago

shari: they're "the need" now!

veruska they are "the need" now?!

toni: yes!

dyanne... and ?..and?!

toni: noooooo!!!!!! - i don't wanna say tha one (shouts) NOOOO!!!!!!

shari: c'mon.

dyanne: tell 'em.

toni: i played drums in "the riffs"

MENTAL HEALTH

CAUGHT IN BETWEEN SOMEONE
 ELSE'S LIES AND MINE.
 THIS WORLD MAKES SENSE ABOUT
 NONE OF THE TIME
 I'VE LEARNED EVERYTHING
 BACKWARDS.

HATEFUL... MY HEAD IS SPINNING
 OUT OF CONTROL
 I CAN'T EVEN SEE ANYMORE. NOT
 WHAT IS SELF-INFLICTED BY FEAR.

MY SLEEP IS BROKEN, I CAN'T EVEN
 BREATHE. MY SANITY A TOKEN
 INSIDE AND OUTSIDE... BY THE
 ABSENCE BY THE PAIN, BY THE

THEY SAY I'VE GONE MAD THEY GIVE
 ME PILLS TO CLEAR MY HEAD
 "CUZ DOCTORS KNOW BEST"
 "I CAN'T TRUST MYSELF"

"IN THE NAME OF MENTAL HEALTH"

shari: she also, played drums in "sleater kinney" for a year

toni: fuck you!!

all: hahahaha!!!!!!

dyanne: it's a secret!!

veruska: why ya don't wanted to tell us?

toni: was a bad break up, just look where they are now.

that's all that i have to say!

veruska: let's talk what is the punk scene in portland -or (uSa) like?!

dyanne: well, i think portland. uhhmm. portland had a really long history especially in the last ten
 years of like strong political activity all around i think there's just been a lot of people who are really
 active rite now, there's so many people but not necessary many spaces to play...there's nothing except
 houses of basements. uhhm there's not much else but, there are people gettin' organized and starting
 to do things again

toni: there's lots of bars to play but, no all ages spaces! we have the problem of the drinkin' age in the
 states, unlike in places in europe that's don't have a drinkin' age or it's a lower drinkin' age in
 europe..and there's not squats in the states

tina chang: ya don't play in these kind of bars?!

toni: no, we never play in bars, that's why we're saying there's not places to play right now

i mean there are bars but, we will not play cuz you have to be 21 years or older to go there and we
 don't want to discriminate and we don't be ageist

toni: i played drums in "the riffs"

shari: she also, played drums in "sleater kinney" for a year

toni: fuck you!!

all: hahahaha!!!!!!



Dykes on Bikes, San Francisco Gay Freedom Day 1990

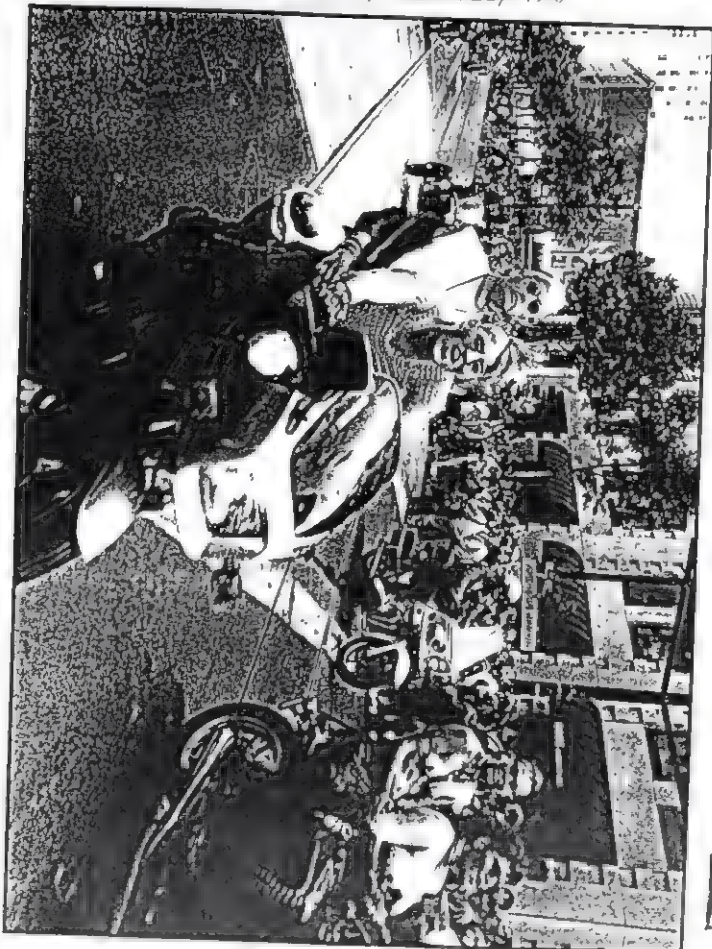


PHOTO: DE LA GRACE VOLCANO- LOVE BITES

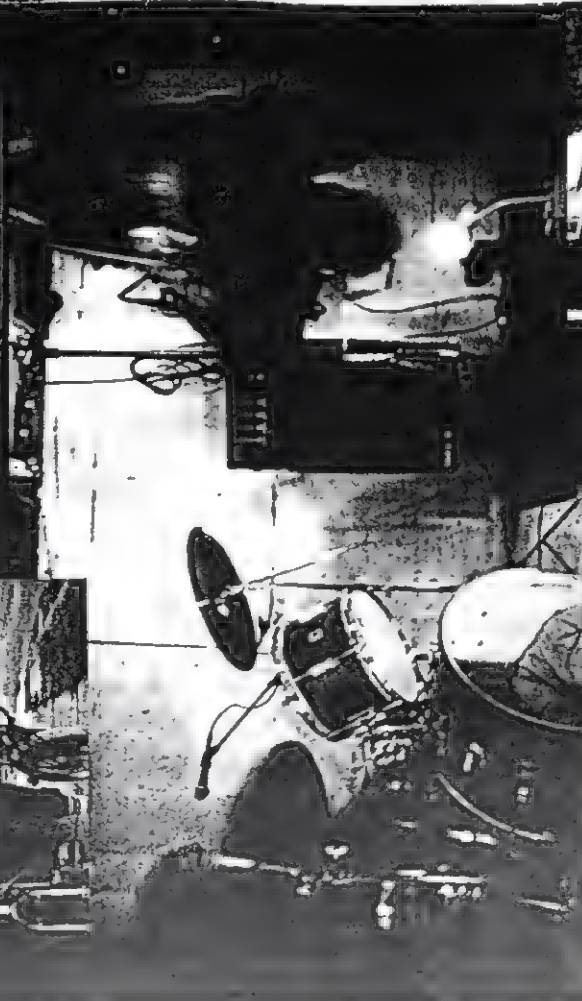


- ★ what's yr political goal as haggard? i don't think we have one goal, but several come to mind. we are pro sex, pro bikes, pro women, pro queer, pro trans, anti capitalist, anti consumerist feminist out dykes.
- ★ in the summer 2000 THE HAGGARD toured Europe.. how was the whole experience and how seemed to u the dyke scene in the different countries? we loved the dyke scenes we came across. there were some great girls and girlboyz in berlin, and again, no one really gave us shit for being out as lesbians. we got more confused looks when we would announce on stage that we were feminists.
- ★ y'll return in Europe? i hope so, but we don't have plans yet.
- ★ i searched to set u a show in world pride 2000 in rome with bad results, what means (at the time) to u play at that event? that would have been a huge honor for us to play at an event called world pride. i just can't imagine how many freaks were out that day wrecking havoc in vatican city.
- ★ how's was opened the DYKES ON BIKES gay - parade in sf this year? that was cool. i rode on the back of a motorcycle driven by wendy-sue, this girl i met in college. i wasn't out back then, and i led this bible study that somehow all these dykes started going to. she was one of those girls. now of course, things are very different. i honestly would have been mortified ten years ago if i thought i'd ever ride in dykes on bikes at san francisco's gay pride.

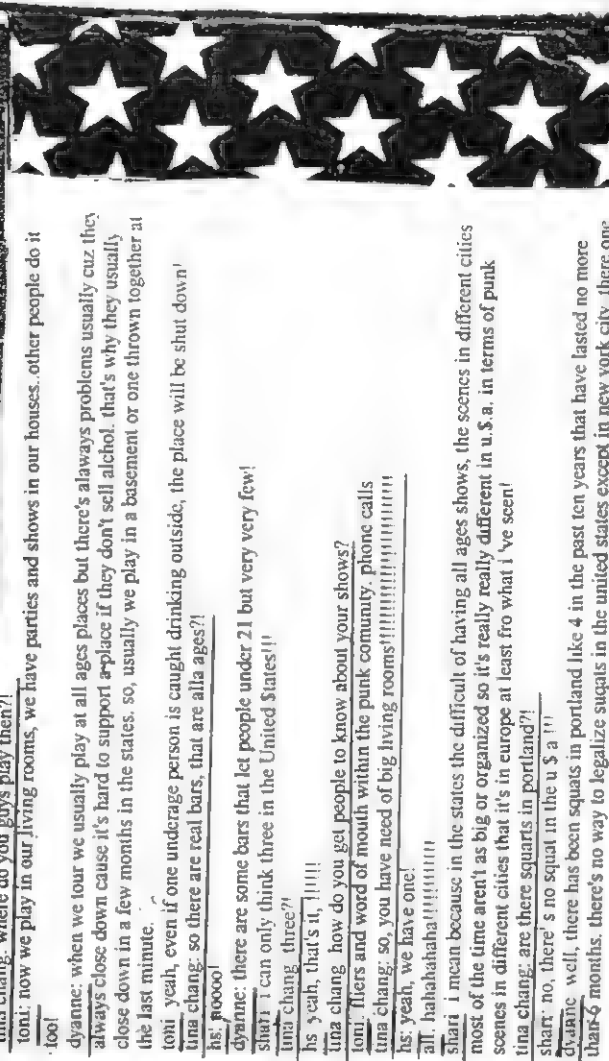
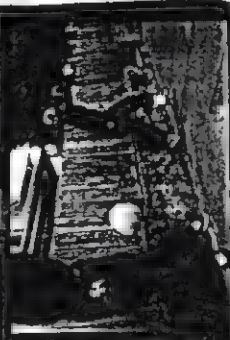




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mrlady@mlndspring.com



8 Bears a Week
Lawyers on cellphones in sports cars kill bankers
Bears in the woods who are hungry kill bankers
Bears in the woods in the world bankers are.

[illegible]

tina chang: where do you guys play then?!

toni: now we play in our living rooms, we have parties and shows in our houses. other people do it too!

dyanne: when we tour we usually play at all ages places but there's always problems usually cuz they always close down cause it's hard to support a place if they don't sell alcohol. that's why they usually close down in a few months in the states. so, usually we play in a basement or one thrown together at the last minute.

toni: yeah, even if one underage person is caught drinking outside, the place will be shut down!

tina chang: so there are real bars, that are alla ages?!

hs: f00000!

dyanne: there are some bars that let people under 21 but very very few!

shari: i can only think three in the United States!!

tina chang: three?!

hs: yeah, that's it,!!!!

tina chang: how do you get people to know about your shows?

toni: fliers and word of mouth within the punk community. phone calls

tina chang: so, you have need of big living rooms!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

hs: yeah, we have one!

all: hahahahaha!!!!!!!!!!!!

shari: i mean because in the states the difficult of having all ages shows, the scenes in different cities most of the time aren't as big or organized so it's really really different in u.s.a. in terms of punk scenes in different cities that it's in europe at least for what i've seen!

tina chang: are there squats in portland?!

shari: no, there's no squat in the u.s.a.!!

dyanne: well, there's been squats in portland like 4 in the past ten years that have lasted no more than 6 months. there's no way to legalize squats in the united states except in new york city there one



in u.s.a. is that you have to prove that you've been occupying the building for 5 years and the building has to be owned by the city and there's been so much growth especially in portland, people are moving so fast it's growing and there's no abandoned buildings and city's constantly renovating so it's impossible!

uma chang: no school?!

ch. anne: no school... nothing, because they'll be bought by someone who wants to turn in to ap's, one of the last squats was in a hospital, the basement of a hospital but, they were renovating so basically it wasn't being used but then they started to use it so, everybody was kicked out!

shari: i dunno... maybe i'm lookin' at things very simplistically--i mean i've been told that squats shut down across europe and maybe that's an obvious reason cuz that is cuz the capitalism is growing more over here, i think that's one of the reasons why it's hard to squat places cuz capitalism it's so ingrained in our society.

uma chang: it's always been in this way?

hs: it's always been in this way!

vernska: s, you probably appreciated the squats here?!

hs: oh yes, definitely, it's wonderful!

shari: it's so good!

vernska: so, what do you think are the differences between european & american punks who attend 'not shows'?

ch. anne: we noticed a few cultural differences, just from the eastern europe or going in the south of croatia, but, i mean one thing i've noticed as far as like squatting and there's a lot more people organized over here, the punks & the anarchists have more demonstrations than the United States! i'm also, one thing i've noticed within the political scene we've been in greece, southern italy or croatia, was that a lot of political punks eat meat! - i think that most of the political punks not eat meat, there's a really strong animal liberation movement in the states!

shari: i was surprised that people eat meat!

ch. anne: i was surprised too--but, at the same time i've also realized that, i dunno, was very difficult for us to find tofu in those parts of europe, i mean we are eat canned beans evadys, which it's fine, but it's really hard find vegan foods in italy or croatia

so, we just grew up in a culture either, i'm not excusing coz i think there's a way to be vegan in those parts of the world but, it's difficult to bring that sort of lifestyle into some cultures, i mean it's so much easier to be vegan in the states, uk or germany

vernska: here in romia it's really expensive the vegan foods in restaurants or into the markets

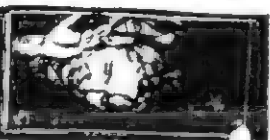
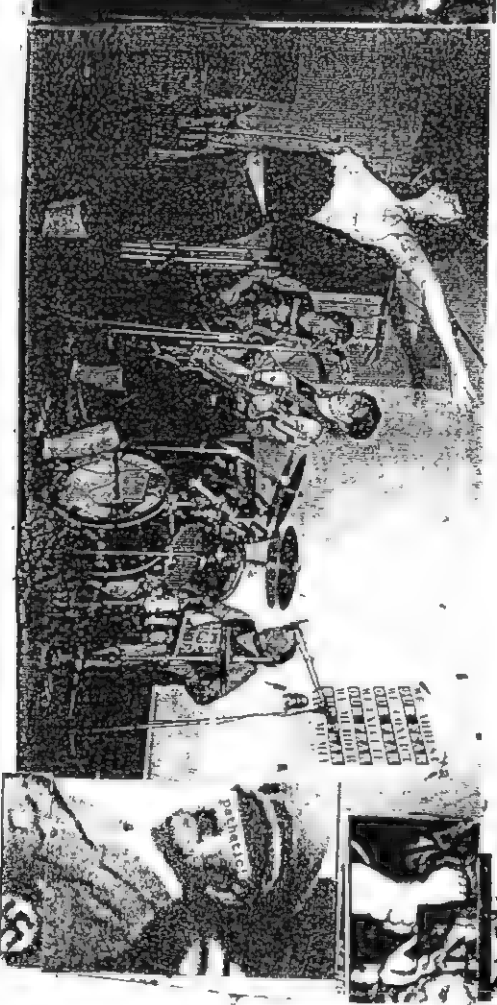
ch. anne: it was even difficult for us to find tofu!

vernska: when i were in london eating were more easier and i could eat vegan evadys!

hs: yeah, yeah!

toni: it's a cultural thing!

shari: another difference between the political punks in the states and europe, like fascist scene is not as organized as it here, the punks here are fighting fascism, there in the u.s.a. not, are other organizations, fascists are more organized in europe, however in idaho it's a hot spot for nazism--there's not a lot of punks in idaho fighting those nazis!



i know what you mean. i knew the passing days like trees going by on the way to her house. i didn't want to pay attention to that i was drunk, going for it downhill, blew a stop sign + almost got killed, flat broke again + homeless + a photo of me, by cathy opie from when we were fighting + that's why we look so fucked up in that picture.

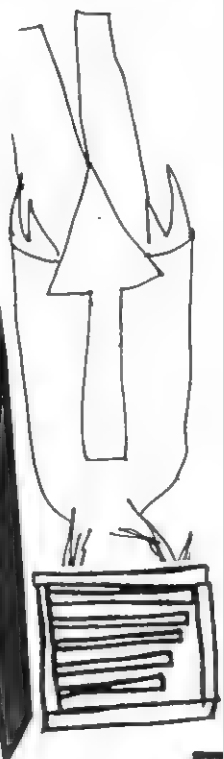
DON'T IDENTIFY

i define what it means to be a girl all the time, what are you doing?

my mom made me look like a girl + for her that meant more dresses + these stupid fucking red yarn ribbons to tie my thin hair into two obnoxious ponytails. it was all right if i was a joke but i couldn't cut my hair. she put me in a cold precocious box where on one side, if i were too much like a boy i'd get beat up + called a dyke, or if i was too much like a girl i'd get raped + killed so i also couldn't wear skirts or make up + these teachings encouraged me to not only hate men - long for a protective husband, but also to retreat from my body, my gender, my self-image, my sexuality, + i've been an outlaw ever since.

OLD FASHIONED

You can escape into your body without really being there. You can live years inside



★ what kind of queer community there's in Portland and

Why is the difference by the other American communities? the queer community in Portland is very diverse. there are so many different kinds of dykes, lesbians, fags, transies, queer youth, professional lesbians and gay men, dyke punks, and art fags that i don't even know half of the people in my community. this is great, but can also cause a lot of animosity and misunderstanding in most other towns i've seen in the u.s. it seems like queer kids get grouped together with the punks or the political kids or with the artists, and everyone has to get along or get criticized from the whole scene. here, a person can afford to have his/her own opinion and still probably find a clique of other likeminded people.

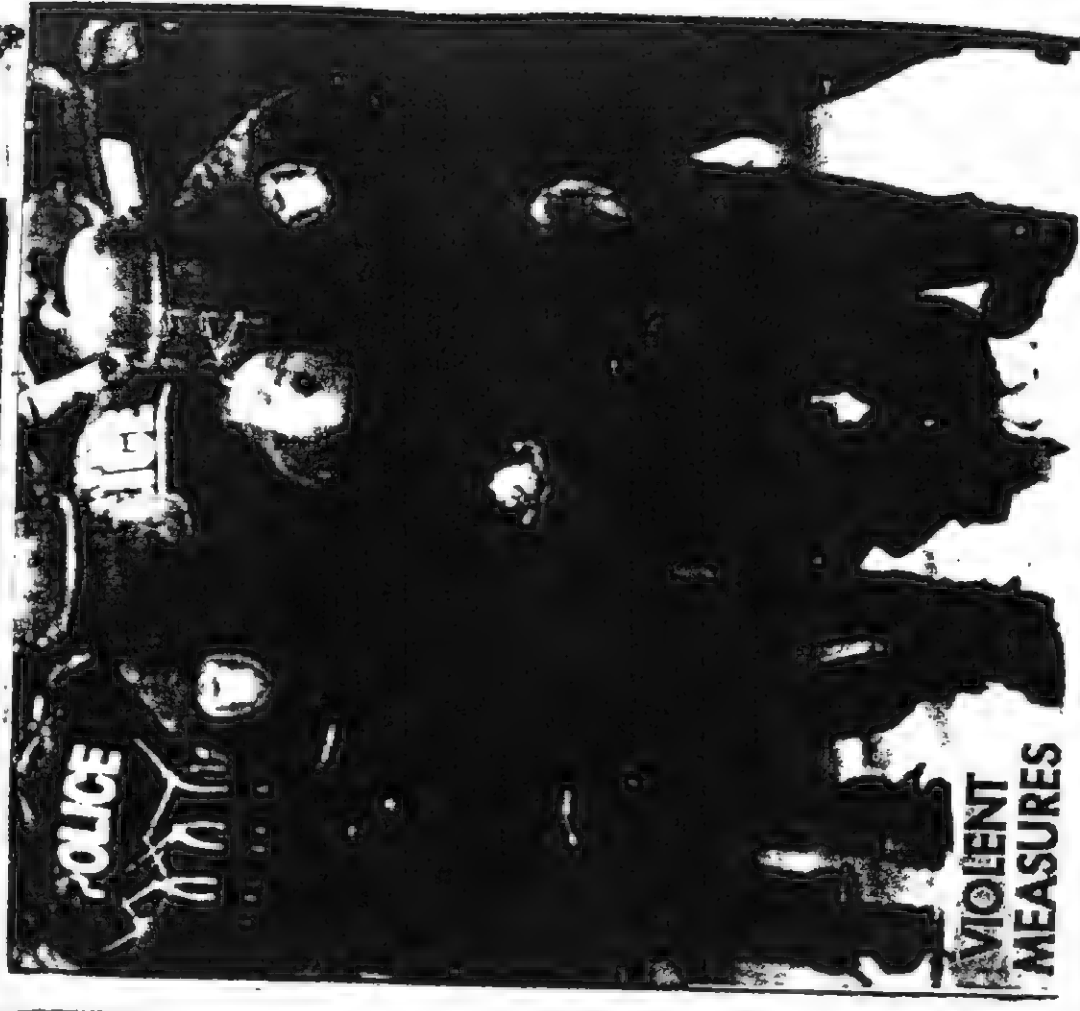
★ how u get involved in women & queercore issue? this came about for me naturally since i identify as both a girl and queer. just being these two things in a hardcore band makes me involved.

LOSS OF SENSES

When i ride my bike
i want them to see me +
wish they were doing what i'm doing, looking
carefree, like i know why i'm here, where i'm at,
what it's all about. i smear black lipstick under
my eyes + dress like a boy, let my hair stick
up against gravity, + i don't want anyone to
touch me. New hands come in with questions
written on them, begging for interpretation,
wondering, what the fuck is going on here? How
can you be so cool + so cold, making zeros
with your fingers, poking your eye through,
staring at me + then turning away to the
darkboard, flinging darts, scoring nothing,
not caring.

i FEEL NOTHING,
she says,

you pay taxes so they can buy guns. so they'll bust in your head when the time comes chemical warfare, bring out the boys. the media says victory for our brave boys. lying and violence are their solution. food and waste to be sold. we don't benefit from their decision. the world trade organization's lies. they tell us how to live, whose standards are used. toxic waste in our lungs. our bodies abused. it's all the same to them. they don't need you. they'll count the money & drink to health because they've got you. lying and violence are their solution. food and waste to be standardized. we don't benefit from their decision. the world trade organization's lies. they no longer exist: privacy. protection, they've got you where they want you.



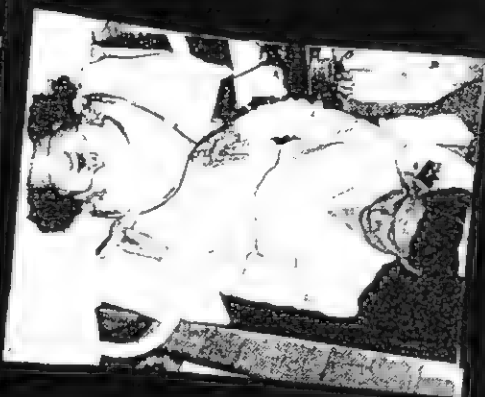
power and greed overruling moral standards. to protect you, they've got you where they need you. they try to drain the life out of you. with their warfare on your health. the mental strain, the nightmares. their game a draining hell. they give us oil instead of water. they'll make the food into something better. more prisons, more power, police apathy...they'll beat & rape & kill you before they let you disagree. they tell us we can't oppose what they're trying to. shove down our throats. they'll shove their fist down in head anyways cuz violence is the path they chose. lying and violence are their solution. food and waste to be standardized. we don't benefit from their decision. the world trade organization's lies.

with women issue and i think it's not unusual in female bands, what do you think of that?

Usame: That's true...
in the states there are two completely separate scenes, the girls have one and the punks another, there's not much interviewing in both of them, when we first started playing we played a mixture of both. Basically it was very difficult being in the girl scene, in the sense, not many of them were political and beyond to being women and proud to be women don't doing much else.

SYSTEMATIC DEATH

ANOTHER DAY I WAKE UP
ANOTHER TRAGEDY
WILL I FIGHT AGAINST OR
GIVE IN TO MY APATHY?
THE SYSTEMS IN MY EYE
THE SYSTEMS IN MY EYE
THE SYSTEMS IN MY EYE... I'LL DIE
A SYSTEMATIC DEATH,
IF WE DIE APATHETIC
WE DIE PATHETIC
ELECTRIC CHAIR OR LAZINESS
IT'S ALL SYSTEMIC.



instead which all of us have a bigger new about what do with the band and individually as people.

that's why i identify as part of punk scene than the woman scene

time change, how did you meet each others in the punk scene?
Shari: we just that i wanted talk about... i think the difference between us and other girl bands, it's before! i played in two other girls bands before of HS we were punks before we came out and realized we were dykes, realized our sexuality, i think it's have a lot to do with been connected to the punk scene as well identify as dyke or a strong woman or whatever... Lots of women in girl bands has found their strenght in being unite with girls playing with girls then they attach themselves to 'em to punk thing! - cuz in the states it's not all been connected... it's really separate like dyane said, but, sometimes girls play in girl bands and consider themselves punks but, this is a different kind of punk scene cuz it's completely separate from like punk bands... so, i dunno if this make much sense, but i think that's the way we being connected at both scenes.

time change, so, your at your shows these kind of people starting to meet up?

Shari: when we first start to play in portland the scenes were very separated, the more we played and the more punks c'med and more girls c'med, ya know more shows we play and more and more all kind of people c'ming starting to have good time! - but, it's lot slowly slowly...
he in portland, just in portland!!!

time change
to me it's just beautiful but, strange how you doing something so, special so different by stereotypics how did you met and found to be together?

Shari: it's not easy, i think it's really rare how that happened...
erin ya know for me it took three years to found them and played with them and i lived in portland for 5 and half now--so, three years to find them.
THE INTERVIEW CLOSE HERE CUZ THE ROADIE C'ME TO SAY 'EM HAD TO START THEIR SHOW..



THE HAGGARD

RECLAIM THE POLITICAL

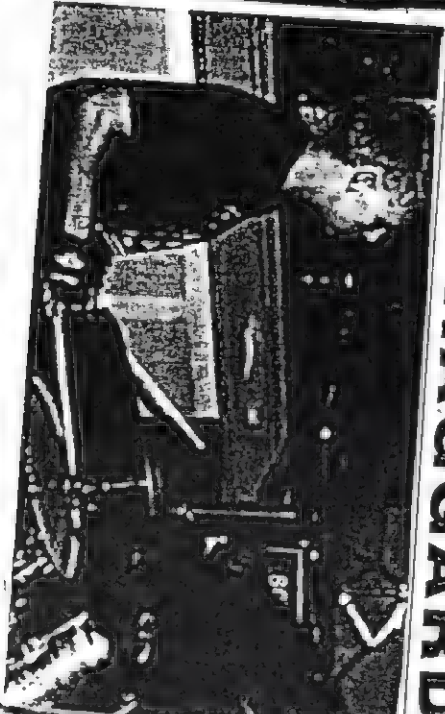
REDEFINE QUEER

REDEFINE PUNK

RECLAIM THE HEART

WE ARE HEARTCORE X

THE HAGGARD



played six songs with them and was so nervous i almost fainted. i had a page of notes for every song so i wouldn't forget any parts.

★ play live shows and being only 2 on the stage could be difficult sometimes? actually, we really like it. emily's amp is pretty loud and bassy. we've heard positive comments about how much bigger we sound than look. sometimes i wish we had a bass player but i'm happy how we are.

★ how's the response of the people who see u play the first time? i think it depends on the kind of crowd and bands we're playing with. for the most part, people have been very open and receptive. a lot of girls who don't normally like hardcore get into it which suprised me at first. my girlfriend's mom liked that we have lyric sheets.

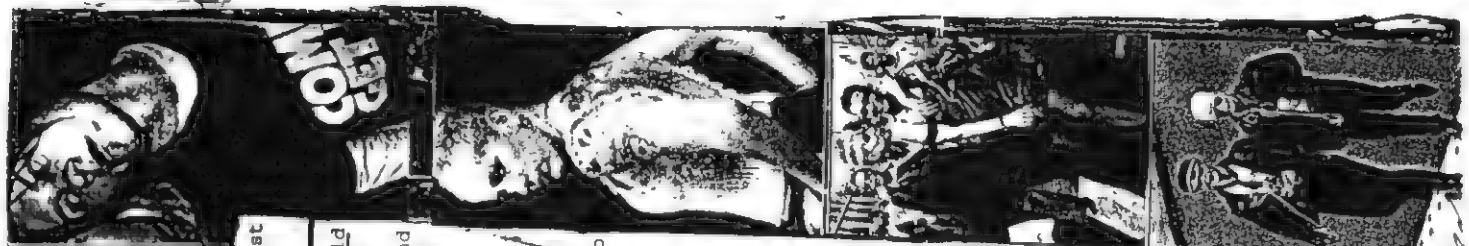
★ did u had problems for being an out female queercore band? not very often at our shows, which i believe is largely due to the hard work dyke bands like team dresses did before us. they worked hard to be out on stage and force people to work on their sexism and homophobia in the punk scene. so now, straight people don't fuck with us to our faces, which is great.

★ to me just seemed that band how u or HARUM SCARUM gave a new total sound at the female QUEERCORE; what d' think of that? i hope this is true. since more women are playing hardcore, there's so much more diversity in the scene, instead of everyone having to copy the one current cool boy band. i love touring around and seeing what girls are coming up with. the sounds of queercore change all the time.

★ (it's a coincidence u both c'me from fdx)? maybe, but that group is made up of different girls who came here and found it very easy to get into bands and play music, which is what happened to me, and to emily when we moved in together and started playing. there's a lot of basements for people to practice in for free, a lot of recording opportunities, and venues to play. i think that combined with the possitive attitude people generally have toward female musicians makes it very likely that we would come from the same town.

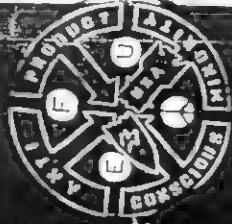
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A TWO DAY BENEFIT
FOR THE 1999 PRIMAATHE
FREEDOM TOUR

AUS-ROTTEN



SAT JUNE 5 SUN JUNE 6

the cuts

HARUM-SCARUM

MARK BRUBACK

the Cuts

SARAH
O'DONNELL

\$5 LEACH DAY 6:30
4038 N. MISSISSIPPI

ALL AGES



ELEANOR O'NEAL, "Jesus Reaches the Mountains"

country song i wouldn't want to live in your country, where voting to change homophobic laws perpetuates the hierarchy, the patriarchy. when a country's all about freedom we shouldn't have to fight to stay alive. i wouldn't want to live in your country where i'm a freak, a failure in your system, "tell me, how did a nice girl like you slip through the cracks?" when a country's all about freedom, you shouldn't have to fight just to stay alive. america, if you were my girlfriend, id dump you on your ass.

*2 - where u came from? i grew up in a suburb outside Los Angeles in California

*-how arrived in Portland (or) and met Emily? i wanted to go out with this girl who lived in portland so i moved up here to live with her and possibly date her. that didn't work out really. i met emily through my girlfriend at the time, geneva, who organized the portland girl convention in 1996. (emily put together the documentary)

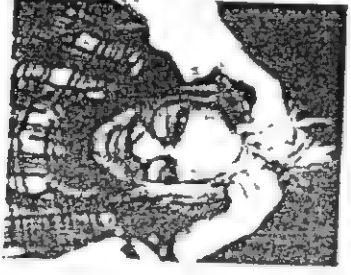
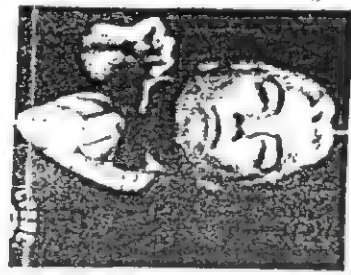
*-how the idea to form a band and the choice of the name Haggard? we got the idea for our band name from the dictionary, where emily was just flipping through pages for a word that she liked. we had been a three piece in various forms and different band names for several years, until we realized we could just do a two piece group.

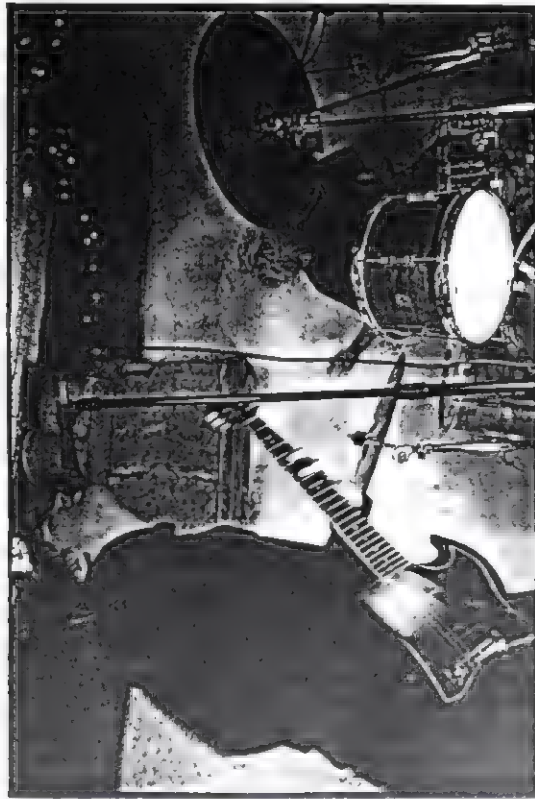
*-how started the collaboration with the HeartcoreRecords and how's work w/lem? our friend ke hardly told us about us, and the relationship started from there. we've moved on to be more involved with mr.lady, but we still love heartcore records very much.

*-how borrows the songs usually? our songs are usually written at the church house in the basement where we been working on or we just play for awhile and see if something sticks. we share the lyric writing.

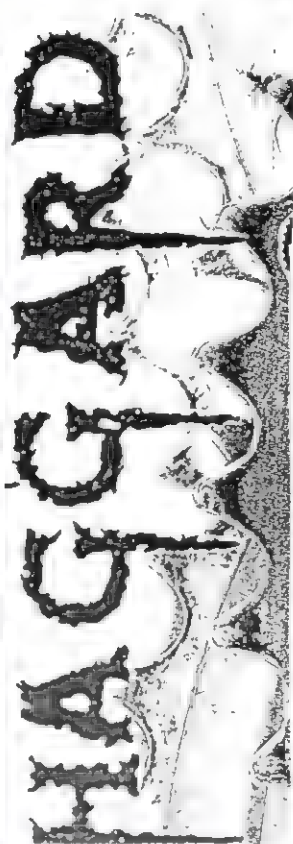
*-what's about "pc teacher"? p.e. teacher is kind of a tribute to all the hot girls who are out of reach, you know, like when you're young and the sports teacher at your school is somehow mysteriously attractive to you, but you don't know why. and later on in life you look back and realize she was probably a big dyke and you just didn't know it. a lot of pe teachers are dykes... tam hart's drummer joell is a gay certified p.e. instructor.

*-yr first show.... my very first show was at a party with a band in chico, ca called mirkin. we'd only met the week before and practiced three times.





PHOTOGRAPH BY SILKA SANCHEZ



**'HE FIRST TIME I HEARD ABOUT 'THE HAGGARD'
WAS ON THE ANARCHOFEMINIST ZINE 'NOT YOUR
'BITCH' BASED IN OLYMPIA, WA U.S.A. WHO
DESCRIBED THEM AS.. "THE MOST WONDERFUL PUNK
'YKE BAND I'VE EVER HEARED. WE'RE NOT TALKING
'POP EITHER, WE'RE TALKING OLD CRUST POLITICAL
'PUNK"... I WAS SO IMPRESSED BY HER DESCRIPTION
WHO DIDN'T PASSED TOO MUCH TIME 'TIL THE DAY I
LISTENED THEM AND FALLEN TOTAL IN LOVE WITH
THEIR MUSIC!
HERE THE INTERVIEW W/STS THE DRUMMER...**

DEBUT LP OUT JUNE Y2K



ECCE HOMO A greatly topical exhibition in the year 2000

ECCE HOMO is the most important Swedish photo exhibition of the year, now open to the international public. The twelve pictures portraying Jesus with homosexual features represent the persona interpretation of the photographer ELISABETH OHLSON. This artist was inspired by the biblical themes previously represented by painters such as Michelangelo, Dore and Caravaggio. The artist kept the idea for this exhibition when a lot of her friends died from AIDS in the early 90's. At that time voices belonging to the Christian community asserted that AIDS was a God's punishment for 'pervert people'. I realized how great is the responsibility of the church, that it is also about homosexuality. Our everyday life is still soaked in religious ideas, said Ohlson.

The images represent and enlarge the responsibility of the church. Human beings are in relation with the idea that we are all equal before God. In 2000, the Jubilee year, this exhibition is the last of a modern feminist series on the division created by the church. ECCE HOMO has the role of the opinion maker of the community. A lot of differences find a union in it. This exhibition can be considered an artistic, but also a political position about human rights.

Elisabeth Ohlson was born in 1961 and she's living in Stockholm. She started her career as a dance photographer and has been working as a free lance photographer. The themes of her photo books and exhibitions are homosexuality and relations. ECCE HOMO is a turning point in her career.

ECCE HOMO first exhibition in Stockholm in 1998 aroused strong reactions from the Church and the media. This exhibition was said to be a blasphemy, but thousands of people went to visit it, regarding it as a new point of view on Jesus Christ's life.

After the first vernissage, Ohlson was asked to expose her images during a cultural meeting in the Uppsala Cathedral, the most important church in Sweden. Strong oppositions came from the ecclesiastic community. The Pope denied his visit to the Swedish Archbishop to stress his disapproval. Elisabeth Ohlson was forced occasionally to ask the police protection because of the threats to damage her works. Anyway, now the photos are welcomed more positively.

ECCE HOMO was an itinerant exhibition first in Sweden and Scandinavia, and now in Europe. Nearly 200.000 visited it. A record of audience was recorded in some places and the debate is always renewed. It was set in various places which range from mines and subways to the traditional art houses.

Ohlson got a lot of prizes for her work. In November 1999 the most important Swedish Publishing houses, the Albert Bonniers, edited 'Ecce Homo - berättelsen om en utsanning' (Ecce Homo: a report of an exhibition). It is a book that contains all the reactions to Ohlson's works and that describes the meaning assumed by this exhibition.

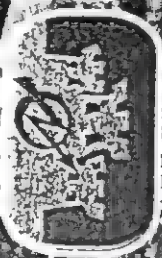
For further information, visit the homepage: www.eccehomo.nu

translated by rachele

8 luglio al WORLD GAY PRIDE...

per liberare il corpo da ogni genere e costrizione

CHIEDIAMO AL VATICANO DI SOSPENDERE IL GIBILEO DURANTE IL WORLD GAY PRIDE



C.S.O.G.

1 DEGIUBILIZZATA

TRIBE 8



Tribe 8 comes from the word "tribadism" — a turn of the century word that used to mean "lesbian", or the sexual position in which you hump on something, like a girl's thigh, to get off



Who wear dresses? - Estrofeleme
 AGLI UOMINI CHE STUPRANO GLI
 -VICIAMI VI CASTIGIAMO IN GRUPPO!
 -Frat Pig
 VOGLIO VIVERE IN CAMPAGNA CON TUTTE
 LE LESBICHE
 Mando Hoo Ma
 Isalla-Mah! ... When people
 don't know if you're a boy
 or a girl they get very
 upset! But also when people
 who don't know like what race
 you are, they don't
 understand and they wanna
 know and you under
 explain and they wanna ask
 a lot of stupid questions
 and they don't understand.
 You have to explain your own
 existence if you're
 one of the in-between people
 -Mama Girl
 -CONSCIE AU PAUL? DRAG QUEEN!
 INTERNAZIONALE!
 RU MAN... MA RAGAZZI! AVIANO
 DRAG QUEEN MILTO SEXY ANCHE SE
 ORO PENSANO CHE SIAMO PASTIDIOSE
 E SOTTILE!
 FLIPPER, BELLISSIMA DRAG QUEEN!
 Ah ah!
 -Tranny Chaser
 I FASCISTI SONO GIORDANI GROSSI!
 PENSANO DI ESSERE INTELLIGENTI MA
 NON CI POSSONO FEMMARE!
 - Rise Above
 A fagg invited by Tribe8 to sing
 with them, 'treats' Flipper's mic
 to raise so she drops the song.
 -Bitch in the...
 SONO UN UOMO PER STRADA MA UNA,
 PENNA A LETTO
 -Bitch in the...
 Ladies only... Rise above...
 BLACK FLAG!
 Radar Love
 They get out and then came
 back... -Gracie Poma!!!
 and then play
 Mammulate and Tranny Chaser
 again... - Gracie Mille!!!
 OK TRIBE 8 EASTA - EASTA TRIBE 8!

-What a shit these lesbians who don't want the phallic-belt!
 PLEASE NOTE: while Tribe8 were playing 'Frat Pig', Lynnee threw
 into the audience the fake dick she had cut off during the
 performance. Those lesbians threw it back to the stage (FUCK YOU OFF!
 wanted to catch it!). And also when Lynnee was playing with her
 I do some lesbians yelled 'Get it in your pants!
 up it!'. After the gig Breedlove spent some time answering to
 some interviews. In the meantime, in a room of the squat there was a
 'separate' party organized by Arclesbica.
 some minutes later I received my 'congratulations' for my 'homosexual' fellatio
 scene. 'It made me sick!', 'poor Veruska, I wanted to be on stage with you - you
 seemed so... dominated', 'It was odd!', 'What have you done?! Do you like them
 for real? If I wanted a man I would take a real one!', 'I admired you so much! I
 couldn't be able to... do that!'
 I stood right there facing this kind of cheap morality.
 I was listening to those words pronounced loudly in order to
 sound important. I tried to understand why do people feel the
 need to reflect on the others their fears, phobia and shit
 It's unavoidable. I was wondering why did I identify myself
 as a feminist for such a long time, if feminists themselves
 weren't able to understand and respect something that was
 important for me. Where were gone Love & Respect?
 I was looking around me and I just couldn't understand...
 What was so wrong with my blow job done during the gig?
 What is so wrong with identifying yourself as a fag and
 not as a lesbian? Why did that woman say she admired me?
 Why did somebody think it was a submission scene?
 Do boys think that when their girlfriends give their head
 to them? They don't think it's odd. Maybe because they're
 man/woman and not two women? Is it that difficult to get in
 your own desires and to play with them, and made some irony of it?
 Is it that difficult to understand that a woman who
 hands an artificial dick is playing sarcastically with it,
 and on the contrary, a man uses his dick as a
 mean of power and submission? When will women give up to 'feel
 the victims and when will them get away from
 this scenery of violence and fear?
 Is an artificial penis enough to embody a rapist for a woman?
 Do you really believe that only a dick (a real or fake one)
 can be a mean of violence? Don't you believe that is rather
 arrogance, stupidity, ignorance to represent a violent attack!
 There are endless ways to rape, to dominate, to
 degrade and to attack someone else.
 It's too simple to reflect on something 'big and hard' an attack.
 Isn't it strange that people who are supposed to defend rights and freedom were
 restricting my own freedom?

This event has changed deeply my position as a feminist and as a woman.
 I learnt so much only looking at Tribe8 and I loved the way they filled
 stereotypes, breaking them and playing with them.
 Long hair and extensive forearm tattoos, great make-up and rockabilly shoes in
 glamorous black dress, purple tints hair in Motorhead t-shirt and big black
 bike-boots. 50's denim shirt, intellectual glasses, acting bossy and
 sexy macho moustaches.
 I was antsy all the time because I exposed myself to a 'public'
 I, but I felt also so righteous and free.
 People asked me a bunch of stupid questions, that only made me sick.
 So I learnt that we don't have to justify ourselves for what
 we are, with nobody. And also it is important to have people
 who listen to you, and who stand...
 Because without a community you're nothing!
 All that I wished was to make DRAGS real for a night in Rome and maybe it
 happened. For a long time after this event I felt such a stupid idealistic girl
 with utopian dreams of a political romance, so much in love with everything and too
 much excited to be so easily to put down
 when I look back at it now, I can smile, I'm not sad anymore.
 I just look at it as the great event it was.

THEY SET THE STAGE ON FIRE AND WHEN THEY WENT
 AWAY EVERYTHING TASTED LIKE STARDUST



The most incredible thing about being queer is that we can all make a difference. We are all revolutionaries. Everytime we come out to someone, everytime we start a business, everytime we hold hands in public, everytime we break into a new field, everytime we make a movie everytime we start a band, everytime we buy a queer record, everytime we write a love song, everytime we take a control of our lives and our own potential - everytime we kiss it is a revolution!

Cara Hyde



WORLD

6 JULY



PUNK ROCK

MA COFFEMINISTA O